

GEMS OF ENGLISH POETRY,

Selected and Arranged,

WITH

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,

BY

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Poetry serveth and conforreth to magnanimity, morality, and
delectation. — *Barat.*

NEW ISSUE.—IN THREE PARTS.

Part II.—Longer Poems.

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GEMS OF ENGLISH POETRY.

PART II.

LONGER POEMS.

Com., read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Com., read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs
And as silently steal away.



GEMS OF ENGLISH POETRY.

PART II. LONGER POEMS.



1.—HORATIUS.¹

(*A Lay² made about the year of the City³ CCCLX.*)

1. LARS POR'SENA⁴ | of Clüsium
By' the | Nine Gôds | ho swôre
That the great house of Tarquin⁵
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods ho swore it,
And named a trysting-day⁶,
And bâde | his mös|sengér's | ride fôrth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

1. Horatius Cocles, *i.e.* Horatius the "one-eyed," a legendary hero of Rome.

2. A Lay.—This lay or ballad is supposed by the author to be recited by a Roman minstrel about 120 years after the exploits it celebrates.

3. Year of the City.—It is said that Rome was founded about 753 B.C. by Romulus, its first king.

4. Lars Porsena, king of Clüsium, the principal one of the twelve confederate cities of Etruria in Italy. He espoused the cause of the banished Tarquin, and marching against Rome at the head of a vast army took Janiculum, a hill fortress at the entrance of the Sublacian Bridge which

connected it with Rome. He would have entered the city, had it not been for the superhuman prowess with which Horatius and his two companions, Lartius and Flamininus, repelled his attacks while the bridge was being cut down behind them.

5. House of Tarquin.—Founded by Tarquinus Priscus, the fifth king of Rome. His grandson Tarquin the Proud, the seventh king, was deposed and expelled in 509 B.C. on account of his own systematic tyranny and the cruelty and lawlessness of his son Sextus.

6. Trysting-day, an appointed day of assembling. [Scotish *tryst*, an appointment to meet. A *trysting-place* is a rendezvous.]

2. East and west and south and north
 The messengers ride fast,
 And tower and town and cottage
 Have heard the trumpet's blast.
 Shame on the false Etruscan
 Who lingors in his home,
 When Porsena of Clusium
 Is on the march for Rome.

3. The horsemen and the footmen
 Are pouring in amain,
 From many a stately market-place ;
 From many a fruitful plain ;
 From many a lonely hamlet,
 Which, hid by beech and pine,
 Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
 Of purple Apennine¹.

4. And now hath every city
 Sent up her tale² of men ;
 The foot are fourscore thousand,
 The horse are thousands ten,
 Before the gates of Sutrium³
 Is met the great array.
 A proud man was Lars Porsena
 Upon the trysting-day.

5. For all the Etruscan armies
 Were ranged beneath his eye,
 And many a banished Roman,
 And many a stout ally ;
 And with a mighty following
 To join the muster⁴ came
 The Tuscan Mamilius⁵,
 Prince of the Latian name.

1. Purple Apennines, in Italy. Up to 3,000 feet the principal chain is covered with a varied vegetation. The higher portions are arid.

2. Tale, number required.

3. Sutrium, a town of Etruria,

on the road from Clusium to Rome.
 4. Muster, an assembling of troops. [Lat. *monstro*, I show.]

5. Mamilius, Prince of Tusculum in Latium, and son-in-law of Tarquin.

6. But by the yellow¹ Tiber
 Was tumult and affright:
 From all the spacious champaign²
 To Rome men took their flight.
 A mile around the city,
 The throng stopp'd up the ways;
 A fearful sight it was to see
 Through two long nights and days.

7. For aged folks on crutches,
 And women great with child,
 And mothers sobbing over babes
 That clung to them and smilod,
 And sick men borne in litters
 High on the necks of slaves,
 And troops of sun-burned husbandmen
 With reaping-hooks and staves,

8. And droves of mules and asses
 Laden with skins of wine,
 And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
 And endless herds of kine,
 And endless trains of waggons
 That creaked beneath the weight
 Of corn-sacks and of household goods,
 Choked every roaring gate.

9. Now, from the rock Tarpeian³,
 Could the wan burghers⁴ spy
 The line of blazing villages
 Red in the midnight sky.
 The Fathers⁵ of the City,
 They sat all night and day,
 For every hour some horseman came
 With tidings of dismay.

1. Yellow, an epithet applied to the Tiber on account of its muddy and yellowish waters.

2. Champaign, a flat open country. [Lat. *campus*, a field.]

3. Rock Tarpeian, a part of

the Capitoline hill, on the front summit of which stood the capitol or temple of Jupiter.

4. Wan burghers, pale citizens.

5. The Fathers, the Senators.

10. To eastward and to westward
 Have spread the Tuscan bands ;
 Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecote¹
 In Crustumerium² stands.
 Verbenna³ down to Ostia⁴
 Hath wasted all the plain ;
 Astur⁵ hath stormed Janiculum,
 And the stout guards are slain.

11. I wis⁶, in all the Senate,
 There was no heart so bold,
 But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
 When that ill news was told.
 Forthwith up rose the Consul⁷,
 Up rose the Fathers all ;
 In haste they girded up their gowns,
 And hied them to the wall.

12. They held a council standing
 Before the River-Gate ;
 Short time was there, ye well may guess,
 For musing or debate.
 Out spake the Consul roundly⁸ :
 "The bridge must straight go down ;
 For, since Janiculum is lost,
 Nought else can save the town."

13. Just then a scout⁹ came flying,
 All wild with haste and fear :
 "To arms ! to arms ! Sir Consul,
 Lars Porsena is here."

1. Dovecote, dovecot, a house or pigeons.

2. Crustumerium, a town of vines, near the Allia.
 7erbenna, a Tuscan chief.
 -tia, a town at the mouth ber.

another Etrusean

know ; I ween,
 adverb written

y-u-is, or *i-wis*, meaning 'certain-
 ly.'

7. Consul.—After the expulsion of Tarquin, the regal dignity (which had existed at Rome for 244 years) was abolished and the supreme authority was committed to two chief magistrates, called Consuls, who were elected annually.

8. Roundly, plainly ; openly.

9. Scout, one sent out to watch.

On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eyo,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

14. And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come ;
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
The trampling, and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spoars.

15. And plainly and more plainly,
Above that glimmering line,
Now might ye see the banners
Of twelve fair cities shine ;
But the banner of proud Clusium
Was highest of them all,
The terror of the Umbrian¹,
The terror of the Gaul².

16. And plainly and more plainly
Now might the burghers know,
By port³ and vest⁴, by horse and crest,
Each warlike Lucumo⁵.

1. The Umbrians, inhabitants of Umbria, a district of central Italy. They were deprived of Clusium and other possessions by the Etruscans.

2. The Gauls, natives of Cisalpine Gaul or Northern Italy. [Gallia Transalpina included France,

Belgium, &c.]

3. Port, carriage; air; men. [Lat. *porta*, I carry.]

4. Vest, dress; array. [Lat. *vestis*, a garment.]

5. Lucumo, a title of the Etruscan nobles.

There Cilnius of Arretium¹
 On his fleet roan was seen ;
 And Astur of the fourfold shield,
 Girt with the brand² none else may wield ;
 Tolumnius with the bolt of gold ;
 And dark Verbenna from the hold³
 By ready Thrasymene⁴.

17. Fast by the royal standard,
 O'erlooking all the war,
 Lars Porsena of Clusium
 Sat in his ivory car.
 By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
 Prince of the Latian name ;
 And by the left false Sextus⁵,
 That wrought the deed of shame⁶.

18. But when the face of Sextus
 Was seen among the foes,
 A yell that rent the firmament
 From all the town arose.
 On the house-tops was no woman
 But spat towards him and hissed,
 No child but screamed out curses,
 And shook its little fist.

19. But the Consul's brow was sad,
 And the Consul's speech was low,
 And darkly looked he at the wall,
 And darkly at the foe.

1. Arretium, one of the states of Etruria.

2. Brand, sword. [Supply *which*.]

3. Hold, stronghold; fortress.

4. Thrasymene, a lake in Etruria.

5. False Sextus, so called for his treachery at Gabii, a Latin city besieged by Tarquin. Sextus pretending ill-treatment from his father fled to Gabii and was received with open arms. Being entrusted

with the command of the troops, he put all the leading men of the place to death and handed over the city to his father.

6. The deed of shame.—The immediate cause of the expulsion of Tarquin was a shameful outrage perpetrated by Sextus on a noble lady named Lucretia, who, unable to survive the dishonour, stabbed herself in the presence of her husband and kindred.

“Their van will be upon us
 Before the bridge goes down ;
 And if they once may win the bridge,
 What hope to save the town ?”

20. Then out spake brave Horatius,
 The Captain of the Gate :—
 “ To every man upon this earth
 Death cometh soon or late.
 And how can man die better
 Than facing fearful odds,
 For the ashes of his fathers,
 And the temples of his Gods ?

21. “ And for the tender mother
 Who dandled¹ him to rest,
 And for the wife who nurses
 His baby at her breast,
 And for the holy maidens²
 Who feed the eternal flame,
 To save them from false Sextus
 That wrought the deed of shame ?

22. “ Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
 With all the speed yo may ;
 I, with two more to help me,
 Will hold the foo in play.
 In yon strait³ path a thousand
 May well be stopped by threo.
 Now, who will stand on either hand,
 And keep the bridge with me ?”

23. Then out spake Spurius Lartius,—
 A Ramnian⁴ proud was he :—
 “ Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
 And keep the bridge with theo.”

1. **Dandle**, to shake or jolt on the knee or move up and down in the hand ; to fondle.

2. **Holy maidens**, the Vestal virgins, priestesses of Vesta, god-

dess of the hearth.

3. **Strait**, narrow.

4. **Ramnian**.—The *Ramnes* were a Latin colony founded by Romulus on the Palatine Hill.

And out spake strong Herminius,—
Of Titian¹ blood was he:—
“I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee.”

24. “Horatius,” quoth the Consul,
“As thou sayest so let it be.”
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome’s quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

25. Then none was for a party ;
Then all were for the state ;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great :
Then lands were fairly portioned ;
Then spoils were fairly sold :
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

26. Now Roman is to Roman
More hateful than a foe,
And the Tribunes² beard the high³,
And the Fathers grind the low.
As we wax hot in faction,
In battle we wax cold :
Wherefore men fight not as they fought
In the brave days of old.

27. Now while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe :

1. Titian.—The *Tities* were common people. [Lat. *tribunus*, from *tribus*, a tribe.]
Sabine settlers on the Quirinal Hill.

2. Tribunes, magistrates appointed to protect the *plebeians*, or 3. The high, the *artricians* or higher orders.

And Fathers mixed with Commons
 Seized hatchet¹, bar², and crow³,
 And smote upon the planks above,
 And loosed the props below.

28. Meanwhile the Tuscan⁴ army,
 Right glorious to behold,
 Came flashing back the noonday light,
 Rank behind rank, like surges bright
 Of a broad sea of gold.
 Four hundred trumpets sounded
 A peal of warlike glee,
 As that great host, with measured tread,
 And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
 Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
 Where stood the dauntless Three.

29. The Three stood calm and silent,
 And looked upon the foes,
 And a great shout of laughter
 From all the vanguard rose :
 And forth three chiefs came spurring
 Before that deep array ;
 To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
 And lifted high their shields, and flew
 To win the narrow way.

[But the Etruscan chiefs were soon laid low in the
 dust by the “dauntless three.”]

30. But now no sound of laughter
 Was heard among the foes.
 A wild and wrathful clamour
 From all the vanguard⁵ rose.

1. Hatchet, a small axe.

2. Bar, a long piece of wood or metal.

3. Crow, a crowbar; a bar of iron with a beak, crook, or two claws,

used in raising and moving heavy weights.

4. Tuscan, Etruscan. [Lat. *Etruria* or *Tuscia*, Tuscany.]

5. Vanguard, front; first line.

Six spears' length from the entrance
 Halted that deep array,
 And for a space no man came forth
 To win the narrow way.

31. But hark ! the cry is Astur ;
 And lo ! the ranks divide ;
 And the great Lord of Luna¹
 Comes with his stately stride.
 Upon his ample shoulders
 Clangs loud the fourfold² shield,
 And in his hand he shakes the brand
 Which none but he can wield.

32. He smiled on those bold Romans
 A smile serene and high ;
 He eyed the flinching³ Tuscaus,
 And scorn was in his eye.
 Quoth he, " The she-wolf's litter⁴
 Stand savagely at bay : .
 But will ye daro to follow,
 If Astur clears the way ? "

33. Then, whirling up his broadsword
 With both hands to the height⁵,
 He rushed against Horatius,
 And smote with all his might.

1. Luna, an Etruscan town.

2. Fourfold, having four layers of metal.

3. Flinching, shrinking; showing signs of yielding.

4. The she-wolf's litter, the Romans. According to the common legend Romulus and his twin-brother Remus were, soon after birth, condemned to be drowned in

the Tiber. But the cradle in which they were exposed having stranded they were suckled by a she-wolf until discovered by a shepherd named Faustulus, who adopted them as his own children ["Litter" means a brood of young pigs, kittens, puppies, &c.]

5. To the height, as high as he could.

With shield and blade Horatius
 Right deftly¹ turned the blow.
 The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh ;
 It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh :
 The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
 To see the red blood flow.

34. He reeled, and on Horminius
 He leaned one breathing-space ;
 Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds,
 Sprang right at Astur's face.
 Through teeth, and skull, and helmet
 So fierce a thrust he sped²,
 The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
 Behind the Tuscan's head.

35. And the great Lord of Luna
 Fell at that deadly strok,
 As falls on Mount Alvernus³
 A thunder-smitten oak.
 Far o'er the crashing forest
 The giant arms lie spread ;
 And the pale augurs⁴, muttering low,
 Gaze on the blasted head.

36. On Astur's throat Horatius
 Right firmly pressed his heel,
 And thrice and four times tugged⁵ amain,
 Ere he wrenched out the steel.
 "And see," he cried, "the welcome,
 Fair guests, that waits⁶ you here !
 What noble Lucumo comes next
 To taste our Roman choor?"

1. Deftly, cleverly; skilfully; dexterously.

2. Sped, executed; dealt quickly and successfully.

3. Mount Alvernus, a high mountain in the south of Italy.

4. Augur, a priest, who foretold

future events from the flight of birds, from lightning, and other occurrences. [Lat. *avis*, a bird, and *geno*, I hear.]

5. Tugged, pulled with great force or effort.

6. Waits, waits for; awaits

37. But at his haughty challenge . . .
 A sullen murmur ran,
 Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread,
 Along that glittering van.
 There lacked not men of prowess¹,
 Nor men of lordly race;
 For all Etruria's noblest
 Were round the fatal place.

38. But all Etruria's noblest
 Felt their hearts sink to see
 On the earth the bloody corpses,
 In the path the dauntless Three :
 And, from the ghastly entrance
 Where those bold Romans stood,
 All shrank, like boys who unaware,
 Ranging the woods to start a hare,
 Came to the mouth of the dark lair²
 Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
 Lies amidst bones and blood.

39. Was³ none who would be foremost
 To lead such dire attack :
 But those behind cried "Forward!"
 And those before cried "Back!"
 And backward now and forward
 Wavers⁴ the deep array ;
 And on the tossing sea of steel,
 To and fro the standards reel ;
 And the victorious trumpet-peal
 Dies fitfully⁵ away.

40. Yet one man for one moment
 Stood out before the crowd ;
 Well known was he to all the Three,
 And they gave him greeting loud,—

1. Prowess, bravery ; valour ;
 intrepidity in war. [Fr. *prouesse*.]

2. Lair, the resting-place of a
 wild beast. [From *to lay* or *lie*.]

3. Was none, there was no one.

4. Wavers, sways backwards
 and forwards, undetermined.

5. Fitfully, by fits ; irregularly.

“Now welcome¹, welcome, Sextus !
 Now welcome to thy home !
 Why dost thou stay, and turn away ?
 Hero lies the road to Rome.”

41. Thrice looked he at the city ;
 Thrice looked he at the dead ;
 And thrice came on in fury,
 And thrice turned back in dread :
 And, white with fear and hatred,
 Scowled at the narrow way
 Where, wallowing² in a pool of blood,
 The bravest Tuscans lay.

42. But meanwhile axe and lever
 Have manfully been plied ;
 And now the bridge hangs tottering
 Above the boiling tide.
 “Come back, come back, Horatius !”
 Loud cried the Fathers all ;
 “Back, Lartius ! back, Herminius !
 Back, ere the ruin fall !”

43. Back darted Spurius Lartius ;
 Herminius darted back :
 And, as they passed, beneath their feet
 They felt the timbors crack.
 But when they turned their faces,
 And on the farther shore
 Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
 They would have crossed once more.

44. But with a crash like thunder
 Fell every loosened beam,
 And, like a dam³, the mighty wreck
 Lay right athwart⁴ the stream :

1. Now welcome.—Said ironically.

2. Wallowing, rolling ; wottering.

3. Dam, a mole or mound, raised to obstruct a current of water.

4. Athwart, across ; from side to side.

And a long shout of triumph
 Rose from the walls of Rome,
 As to the highest turret-tops
 Was splashed the yellow foam.

45. And, like a horse unbroke¹,
 When first he feels the rein,
 The furious river struggled hard,
 And tossed his tawny mane,
 And burst the curb, and bounded,
 Rejoicing to be free,
 And whirling down, in fierce career,
 Battlement, and plank, and pier,
 Rushed headlong to the sea.

46. Alone stood brave Horatius,
 But constant still in mind ;
 Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
 And the broad flood behind.
 "Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
 With a smile on his pale face.
 "Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
 "Now yield thee to our grace."

47. Round turned he, as not deigning
 Those craven² ranks to see ;
 Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
 To Sextus nought spake he ;
 But he saw on Palatinus
 The white porch of his home ;
 And he spake to the noble river
 That rolls by the towers of Rome :—

48. "O Tiber! Father Tiber³!
 To whom the Romans pray,
 A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
 Take thou in charge this day!"

1. Unbroken, not tamed and rendered tractable; not accustomed to the bridle.

2. Craven, cowardly; dastardly.

[From *crave*, to beg.]

3. Father Tiber.—The names of rivers are generally masculine in Latin.

So he spake, and speaking sheathed
 The good sword by his side,
 And with his harness on his back,
 Plunged headlong in the tide.

49. No sound of joy or sorrow
 Was heard from either bank ;
 But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
 With parted lips and straining eyes,
 Stood gazing where he sank ;
 And when above the surges
 They saw his crest appear,
 All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
 And even the ranks of Tuscany
 Could scarce forbear to cheer.

50. But fiercely ran the current,
 Swollen high by months of rain :
 And fast his blood was flowing,
 And he was sore in pain,
 And heavy with his armour,
 And spent¹ with changing² blows ;
 And oft they thought him sinking,
 But still again he rose.

51. Never, I ween, did swimmer,
 In such an evil case³,
 Struggled through such a raging flood
 Safe to the landing place :
 But his limbs were borne up bravely
 By the brave heart within,
 And our good father Tiber
 Bore bravely up his chin.

52. "Curse on him !" quoth false Sextus,
 "Will not the villain drown ?
 But for this stay, ere close of day
 We should have sacked⁴ the town !"

1. Spent, tired out ; exhausted.

3. Case, condition.

2. Changing, exchanging ; giv-

4. Sacked, stormed and de-
 stroyed ; pillaged ; plundered.

“ Heaven help him !” quoth Lars Porsena,
 “ And bring him safe to shore ;
 For such a gallantfeat of arms
 Was never seen before.”

53. And now he feels the bottom ;
 Now on dry earth he stands ;
 Now round him throng the Fathers,
 To press his gory hands ;
 And now, with shouts and clapping,
 And noise of weeping loud,
 He enters through the River-Gate,
 Borne by the joyous crowd.

54. They gave him of the corn-land,
 That was of public right,
 As much as two strong oxen
 Could plough from morn till night ;
 And they made a molten¹ image,
 And set it up on high,
 And there it stands unto this day
 To witness if I lie.

55. It stands in the Comitium²
 Plain for all folk³ to see ;
 Horatius in his harness,
 Halting upon one knee :
 And underneath is written,
 In letters all of gold,
 How valiantly he kept the bridge
 In the brave days of old.

56. And still his name sounds stirring
 Unto the men of Rome,
 As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
 To charge the Volscian⁴ home⁵ ;

1. Molten, of melted metal.

2. Comitium, the voting-place of the Romans. [Lat. *com*, and *co*, I go.]

3. Folk, people. [Now gener-

ally used in the plural.]

4. Volscians, inhabitants of Volei, an inland city of Etruria.

5. Charge home, attack effectively.

As his who kept tho bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

57. And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north-winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow ;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs² of Algidus³
Roar louder yet within ;

58. When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit ;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers
And the kid turns on the spit ;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close ;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows ;

59. When the goodman⁴ mends his armour,
And trims his helmet's plume ;
When the goodwife's⁵ shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom ;
With wooping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept tho bridge
In the bravo days of old.

Lord Macaulay (1800-1859).*

1. Juno, the queen of heaven.
As Jupitor was the protector of
the male sex, so Juno watched
over the female sex and over newly-
born children. Women in child-
bed invoked Juno, under the name
Lucina, to help them.

2. Logs, bulky pieces of wood.

3. Algidus, a range of moun-
tains in Taurum, covered with
forests.

4. Goodman, householder.

5. Goodwife, mistress of the
house.

* See the Introduction, and
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2.—THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

Sonnet on Chillon¹.

ETERNAL Spirit of the chainless Mind !
 Brightest in dungeons, Liberty, thou art—
 For there thy habitation is the heart—
 The heart, which love of thee alone can bind ;
 5 And when thy sons to fetters are consigned,
 To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
 Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
 And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.

Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place,
 10 And thy sad floor and altar,—for 'twas trod,
 Until his very steps have left a trace,
 Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
 By Bonnivard² ! May none those marks efface—
 For they appeal from tyranny to God.

I.

My hair | is grey, | but not | with years,
 Nor grew it white
 In a single night,

as n's have grown³ from sudden fears :

5 My limbs are bowed, though not with toil,
 But rusted with a vile repose,
 For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
 And mine has been the fate of those
 To whom the goodly earth and air
 10 Are banned and barred—bidden fare ;
 But this was for my father's faith,
 I suffered chains and courted death ;
 That father perished at the stake⁴
 For tenets he would not forsake ;

1. Chillon, a castle on the lake of Geneva.

2. Bonnivard, François de Bonnivard, who was confined from 1530 to 1536 in the castle of Chillon for his defence of the rights of the Republic of Geneva against

Charles III., Duke of Savoy.

3. Have grown—Should b. “has grown,” the nomin. b. being “hair.”

4. Stake, the post to which a condemned to die by fire w. fastened.

15 And for the same his lineal race
 In darkness found a dwelling-place¹.
 We were seven—who now are one,
 Six in youth, and one in ago²,
 Finished as they had begun,
 20 Proud of Persecution's rage ;
 One in fire, and two in field,
 Their belief with blood have sealed,
 Dying as their father died,
 For the God their foes denied ;
 25 Three were in a dungeon cast³,
 Of whom this wreck is left the last.

II.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould⁴,
 In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
 There are seven columns, massy and grey,
 30 Dim with a dull imprisoned ray—
 A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
 And through the crovico and the cleft
 Of the thick wall is fallen and left ;
 Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
 35 Like a marsh's meteor lamp⁵ :
 And in each pillar there is a ring,
 And in each ring there is a chain ;
 That iron is a cankering⁶ thing,
 For in these limbs its teeth remain,
 40 With marks that will not wear away,
 Till I have done with this new day⁷,

1. In darkness found a dwelling-place.—Bonivard was the holder of a Roman Catholic benefice, and could not have been persecuted for religion. Byron has drawn a good deal upon his imagination for the materials of the story. "When this poem was composed," says he, "I was not so deeply aware of the history of Bonivard."

2. One in age.—The father.

3. Three were in a dungeon cast.—This, too, has no foundation in fact. No brothers shared his captivity.

4. Of Gothic mould, of Gothic or mediæval architecture.

5. A marsh's meteor lamp, the Will-o'-the-Wisp.

6. Cankerling, eating into; corroding. [Lat. *cavere*, a crab, a cancer.]

7. New day, new life of liberty

Which now is painful to these eyes,
 Which have not seen the sun so rise
 For years—I cannot count them o'er,
 45 I lost their long and heavy score
 When my last brother drooped and died,
 And I lay living by his side.

III.

They chained us each to a column stone,
 And we were three—yet, each alone ;
 50 We could not move a single pace,
 We could not see each other's face,
 But with that pale and livid¹ light
 That made us strangers in our sight :
 And thus together—yet apart,
 55 Fettered² in hand, but joined in heart,
 'Twas still some solace, in the depth
 Of the pure elements of earth,
 To hearken to each other's speech,
 And each turn comforter to each
 60 With some new hope, or legend old,
 Or song heroically bold ;
 But even these at length grew cold.
 Our voices took a dreary tone,
 An echo of the dungeon-stone,
 65 A grating sound—not full and free,
 As they of yore were wont to be :
 It might be fancy—but to me
 They never sounded like our own.

IV.

I was the eldest of the three,
 70 And to uphold and cheer the rest
 I ought³ to do—and did—my best,
 And each did well in his degree.
 The youngest, whom my father loved,

1. Pale and livid, dull; dis- are, strictly, chains for the colour. [Lat. *lividus*, blue-black.] 3. Ought.—Past tense

2. Fettered, manacled. [Lat. *fetter*] finally, the proterite of *an-*

Because our mother's brow was given
 75 To him—with eyes as blue as heaven,
 For him my soul was sorely moved ;
 And truly might it be distrest
 To see such bird in such a nest ;
 For he was beautiful as day—
 80 (When day was beautiful to me
 As to young eagles, being free—)
 A polar day¹, which will not see
 A sunset till its summer's gone,
 Its sleepless summer of long light,
 85 The snow-clad offspring of the sun :
 And thus he was as pure and bright,
 And in his natural spirit gay,
 With tears for nought but others' ills,
 And then they flow'd like mountain rills,
 90 Unless he could assuage² the woe
 Which he abhorred to view below.

v.

The other was as pure of mind,
 But formed to combat with his kind³ ;
 Strong in his frame, and of a mood
 95 Which 'gainst the world in war had stood⁴,
 And perished in the foremost rank
 With joy :—but not in chains to pine :
 His spirit withered with their clank,
 I saw it silently decline—
 100 And so perchance in sooth did mine :
 But yet I forced it on to cheer
 Those relics of a home so dear.
 He was a hunter of the hills,
 Had followed there the deer and wolf ;
 To him this dungeon was a gulf,
 And fettered feet the worst of ills.

1. polar day, a day lasting | gate. [Lat. *ad*, and *suavis*, sweet.]
 months.

2. Kind, race.

3. *usage*, alleviate ; miti- | 4. Had stood, would have stood.

VI.

Lake Leman¹ lies by Chillon's walls :
 A thousand feet in depth below
 Its massy waters meet and flow ;
 110 Thus much the fathom-line was sent
 From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
 Which round about the wave entralls² :
 A double dungeon wall and wave
 Have made—and like a living grave.
 115 Below the surface of the lake
 The dark vault lies wherein we lay,
 We heard it ripple night and day ;
 Sounding o'er our heads it knocked ;
 And I have felt the winter's spray
 120 Wash through the bars, when winds were high
 And wanton³ in the happy sky ;
 And then the very rock hath rocked,
 And I have felt it shake, unshocked,
 Because I could have smiled to see
 125 The death that would have set me free.

VII.

I said my nearer brother pined,
 I said his mighty heart declined ;
 He loathed and put away his food ;
 It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
 130 For we were used to hunter's fare,
 And for the like had little care :
 The milk drawn from the mountain goat
 Was changed for water from the moat,
 Our bread was such as captives' tears
 135 Have moistened many a thousand years,
 Since man first pent⁴ his fellow-men
 Like brutes within an iron den :

1. Lake Leman, The French name of the Lake of Geneva. [Lat. *Lacus Lemanius*.]

2. Enthrall, surround ; literally,

enslave. [From *thrall*, a slave.]

3. Wanton, playing with, in constraint.

4. Pent, confined ; cooped up.

But what were thes to us or him ?
 These wasted not his heart or limb ;
 140 My brother's soul was of that mould
 Which in a palaco had grown cold,
 Had his free broathing been denied
 Tho' range of the steep mountain's side ;
 But why delay the truth ?—he died.

145 I say, and could not hold his head,
 Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead,
 Though hard I strove, but strovo in vain,
 To rend and gnash my bonds in twain¹.
 He died—and they unlocked his chain,
 150 And scooped for him a shallow grave
 Even from the cold earth of our cavo.
 I begged them, as a boon, to lay
 His corse² in dust wheron the day
 Might shine—it was a foolish thought,
 155 But then within my brain it wrought,
 That even in death his free-born breast
 In such a dungeon could not rest.
 I might have spared my idle prayer—
 They coldly laughed—and laid him there :

160 The flat and turfless earth above
 The being we so much did love ;
 His empty chain above it leant,
 Such murder's fitting monument !

VIII.

But he, the favourite and the flower,
 165 Most cherished since his natal hour,
 His mother's image in fair face,
 The infant love of all his race,
 His martyred father's dearest thought,
 My latest care, for whom I sought
 170 To hoard my life, that his might be
 Less wretched now, and one day free ;
 He, too, who yet had held untired

1. In twain, in two.

2. Corse, corpe. [Poetical]

A spirit natural or inspired—
 He, too, was struck, and day by day
 175 Was withered on the stalk away.
 Oh, God ! it is a fearful thing
 To see the human soul take wing
 In any shape, in any mood :—
 I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
 180 I've seen it on the breaking ocean
 Strive with a swoln convulsive¹ motion,
 I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
 Of Sin delirious² with its dread ;
 But these were horrors—this was woe
 185 Unmixed with such—but sure and slow :
 He faded, and so calm and meek,
 So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
 So tearless, yet so tender—kind,
 And grieved for those he left behind ;
 '190 With all the while a cheek whose bloom
 Was as a mockery of the tomb,
 Whose tints as gently sunk *away*
 As a departing rainbow's ray ;
 An eye of most transparent light,
 195 That almost made the dungeon bright
 And not a word of murmur—not
 A groan o'er his untimely lot,—
 A little talk of better days,
 A little hope my own to raise,
 200 For I was sunk in silence—lost
 In this last loss, of all the most³ ;
 And then the sighs he would suppress
 Of fainting nature's foibleness,
 More slowly drawn, grew less and less :
 205 I listened, but I could not hear—
 I called, for I was wild with fear ;

1. Convulsive, attended with spasms. [Lat. *con*, and *vello*, I pull.] *delirio*, to draw the furrow away, hence to be crazy; *de*, from, and *lira*, a furrow.]

2. Delirious, raving. [Lat. *delirium*.] 3. The most, the greatest.

I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
 Would not be thus admonish'd¹ ;
 I called, and thought I heard a sound—
 210 I burst my chain with one strong bound,
 And rushed to him :—I found him not,
 I only stirred in this black spot,
 I only lived—I only drew
 The accursed breath of dungeon-dew ;
 215 The last—the sole—the dearest link
 Between me and the eternal brink,
 Which bound me to my failing race,
 Was broken in this fatal place.
 One on the earth, and one beneath—
 220 My brothers—both had ceased to breathe :
 I took that hand which lay so still,
 Alas ! my own was full as chill ;
 I had not strength to stir, or strive,
 But felt that I was still alive—
 225 A frantic feeling, when we know
 That what we love shall ne'er be so.
 I know not why
 I could not die,
 I had no earthly hope—but faith,
 230 And that forbade a selfish death.

IX.

What next befell me then and there
 I know not well—I never knew.—
 First came the loss of light and air,
 And then of darkness too :
 235 I had no thought, no feeling—none—
 Among the stones I stood a stone,
 And was scarce conscious what I wist² ;
 As shrubless crags within the mist ;
 For all was blank, and bleak, and grey ;
 240 It was not night—it was not day—
 It was not even the dungeon-light,

1. Admonished, reproved. 2. Wist.—Past tense of *wit*, to know.

So hateful to my heavy sight,
 But vacancy absorbing space,
 And fixedness—without a place ;

245 There were no stars—no earth—no time—
 No check—no change—no good—no crime—
 But silence, and a stirless breath
 Which neithor was of life nor death ;
 A sea of stagnant idleness,

250 Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless !

x.

A light broke in upon my brain,—
 It was the carol of a bird ;
 It coased, and then it came again,
 The sweetest song ear ever heard,

255 And mine was thankful till my eyes
 Ran over with the glad surprise,
 And thoy that moment could not see
 I was tho mato¹ of misery ;
 But then by dull degrees came back

260 My sensos to their wonted track,
 I saw tho dungeon walls and floor
 Close slowly round me as before,
 I saw the glimmer of the sun,
 Creeping as it before had done,

265 But through the crevice where it came
 That bird was perched, as fond and tame,
 And tamor than upon the tree ;
 A lovoly bird with azure² wings,
 And song that said a thousand things,

270 And seemed to say them all for me !
 I never saw its like before,
 I ne'er shall see its likeness more :
 It seemed, like me, to want³ a mate,
 But was not half so desolate,

275 And it was come to love me, when

1. Mate, companion.

2. Azure, sky-blue. [Arab.

| *lazward, bluo.*]

3. To want, to be without.

None lived to love me so again,
 And, cheering from my dungeon's brink,
 Had brought me back to feel and think.

280 I knew not, if it late were free,
 Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
 But knowing well captivity,
 Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!

Or if it were, in wing'd guise,
 285 A visitant from Paradise :

For—Heaven forgive that thought! the while
 Which made me both to weep and smile—
 I sometimes deomed that it might be
 My brother's soul come down to me;

290 But then at last away it flew,
 And then 'twas mortal—well I knew,
 For he would never thus have flown,
 And left me twice so doubly lone,—
 Lone—as the corso within its shroud,

295 Lone—as a solitary cloud,
 A single cloud on a sunny day,
 While all the rest of heaven is clear,
 A frown upon the atmosphere,
 That hath no business to appear

300 When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

XI.

A kind of change came in my fate,
 My keepers grew compassionate,
 I know not what had made them so,
 They were inured¹ to sights of woe,

305 But so it was:—my broken chain
 With links unfastened did remain,
 And it was liberty to stride
 Along my cell from side to side,
 And up and down, and then athwart²,

310 And tread it over every part;

1. Inured, accustomed; habi-

2. Athwart, across; from side to side.

And round the pillars one by one,
 Returning where my walk begun,
 Avoiding only, as I trod,
 My brothers' graves without a sod ;
 315 For if I thought with heedless tread
 My step profaned their lowly bed,
 My breath came gaspingly and thick,
 And my crushed heart fell blind and sick.

XII.

I made a footing in the wall ;
 320 It was not therefrom to escape ;
 For I had buried one and all,
 Who loved me in a human shape ;
 And the whole earth would henceforth be
 A wider prison unto me :
 325 No child—no sire—no kin had I,
 No partner in my misery ;
 I thought of this, and I was glad,
 For thought of them had made¹ me mad :
 But I was curious to ascend
 330 To my barred windows, and to bend
 Once more, upon the mountains high,
 The quiet of a loving eye.

XIII.

I saw them—and they were the same,
 They were not changed like me in frame ;
 335 I saw their thousand years of snow
 On high—their wide long lake below,
 And the blue Rhone in fullest flow ;
 I heard the torrents leap and gush
 O'er channelled rock and broken bush ;
 340 I saw the white-walled distant town²,
 And whiter sails go skimming down ;
 And then there was a little isle,³

1. Had made, would have made.

2. Town.—Probably Villeneuve.

3. A little isle.—Between the

entrance of the Rhone and Villeneuve, not far from Chillon, is a very small island with a few trees upon it.

Which in my very face did smile,
 The only one in view ;

345 A small green isle, it seemed no more,
 Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
 But in it there were three tall trees,
 And o'er it blow the mountain breeze,
 And by it there were waters flowing,

350 And on it there were young flowers growing,
 Of gentle breath and hue.
 The fish swam by the castle wall,
 And they seemed joyous each and all ;
 The eagle rode the rising blast,

355 Methought he never flew so fast
 As then to me he seemed to fly ;
 And then new tears came in my eye,
 And I felt troubled—and would fain¹
 I had not left my recent chain ;

360 And, when I did descend again,
 The darkness of my dim abode
 Fell on me as a heavy load ;
 It was as is a new-dug grave,
 Closing o'er one we sought to save,—

365 And yet my glance, too much opprest,
 Had almost need of such a rest.

XIV.

It might be months, or years, or days,
 I kept no count—I took no note,
 I had no hope my eyes to raise

370 And clear them of their dreary mote² ;
 At last men came to set me free,
 I asked not why, and recked³ not where ;
 It was at length the same to me,
 Fettered or fetterless to be,

375 I learned to love despair.
 And thus when they appeared at last,

1. Would fain, wished (gladly). | spot. [Dutch *mot*, dust.]

2. Mote, a small particle ; a | 3. Recked, cared.

And all my bonds aside were cast,
 These heavy walls to me had grown
 A hermitage—and all my own !

380 And half I felt as¹ they were come
 To tear me from a second home :
 With spiders I had friendship made,
 And watched them in their sullen trade ;
 Had seen the mice by moonlight play,

385 And why should I feel less than they ?
 We were all inmates of one place,
 And I, the monarch of each race,
 Had power to kill—yet, strange to tell !
 In quiet we had learned to dwell—

390 My very chains and I grew friends,
 So much a long communion² tends
 To make us what we are:—even I
 Regained my freedom³ with a sigh.

Lord Byron (1788-1824).

3.—THE HERMIT.

FAR' in | a wild, | unkñown | to públic view,
 From youth to age a reverend hermit grow ;
 The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
 His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well ;

5 Remote from man, with God he passed his days,*
 Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.
 A life so sacred, such sereno reposo,
 Seemed Heaven itself, till one suggestion rose ;
 That Vice should triumph, Virtue Vice obey,

10 This sprung some doubt of Providenco's sway ;
 His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
 And all the tenor of his soul is lost.

1. As, as if.

2. Communion, intercourse.

3. Bonnivard, on leaving his captivity, had the pleasure of finding Geneva free. The Republic hastened to testify its gratitude to

him, and to recompense him for the evils which he had suffered. * * *

He died about 1570.

* Compare :—

“Remote from towns he ran his godly race.”—*Goldsmith.*

So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm Nature's image on its watery breast,

15 Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow :
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift rustling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,

20 Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.
To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books or swains¹ report it right,
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew,)

25 He quits his cell ; the pilgrim's staff he bore,
And fixed the scallop² in his hat before ;
Then with the sun a rising journoy wont,
Sedate³ to think, and watching each event.
The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,

30 And long and lonesome was the wild to pass :
But when the southern sun had warmod the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way ;
His raiment⁴ decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair :

35 Then, near approaching, " Father, hail !" he cried ;
And " Hail, my son !" the reverend sire replied :
Words followed words, from question answer flowed,
And talk of various kind deceived⁵ the road :
Till each with other pleased, and loath⁶ to part,

40 While in their age they differ, join in heart :
Thus stands an ag'd elm, in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.
Now sunk the sun ; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey ;

1. Swains, peasants; rustics.
[Poetical.]

2. Scallop, a shell, the badge of
a pilgrim.

3. Sedate, calm; tranquil; un-
ruffled by passion.

4. Raiment, clothing in general ; garments. [Contracted from *arrayment*, now obsolete.]

5. Deceived, beguiled.

6. Loath, unwilling; reluc-
tant. [Written also *loth*.]

45 Nature in silence bid the world repose ;
 When near the road a stately palace rose :
 There by the moon through ranks of trees they pass,
 Whose verdure crowned their sloping sides of grass.
 It chanced the noble master of the dome

50 Still made his house the wandering stranger's home ;
 Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praiso,
 Proved the vain flourish¹ of expensive ease.
 The pair arrive ; the liveried² servants wait ;
 Their lord receives them at the pompous gate :

55 The table groans with costly piles of food,
 And all is more than hospitably good.
 Then, led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
 Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.
 At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,

60 Along the wide canals the zephyrs³ play ;
 Fresh o'er the gay parterres⁴ the breezes creep,
 And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
 Up rise the guests, obedient to the call ;
 An early banquet decked the splendid hall ;

65 Rich luscious⁵ wine a golden goblet graced,
 Which the kind master forced the guests to taste.
 Then, pleased and thankful, from the porch⁶ they go ;
 And, but the landlord, none had cause of woo ;
 His cup was vanished ; for in secret guise⁷

70 The younger guest purloined⁸ the glittering prize.
 As one, who spies a serpent in his way,
 Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
 Disordered stops to shun the danger near,
 Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear :

1. Flourish, show ; splendour.

2. Liveried, richly dressed.

3. Zephyrs, soft and gentle breezes. [Lat. *Zephyrus*, the west wind.]4. Parterres, flower-beds. [Fr. *par*, on, and *terre*, ground.]

5. Luscious, very sweet ; delicious.

6. Porch, a portico ; a vestibule. [Lat. *porcia*, a gate.]

7. Guise, manner.

8. Purloined, stole. [Lat. *pro*, forth, and *longus*, long.]

75 So seemed the sire, when far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily¹ partner showed.
He stopped with silence, walked with trembling heart,
And much he wished, but durst not ask, to part :
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard

80 That generous actions meet a base reward.
While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds²,
The changing skies hang out their sable³ clouds ;
A sound in air presaged⁴ approaching rain,
And beasts to covert⁵ scud⁶ across the plain.

85 Warned by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.
'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimproved around ;
Its owner's temper, timorous and severo,

90 Unkind and griping, caused a desert thoro.
As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blow ;
The nimble lightning mixed with showors began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.

95 Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driven by the wind, and battered⁷ by the rain.
At length some pity warmed the master's breast ;
('Twas then his threshold first received a guest ;)
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,

100 And half he welcomes in the shivering pair :
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour⁸ through their limbs recalls
Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager⁹ wine,
(Each hardly granted,) served them both to dine :

1. Wily, using *wiles*; cunning; sly.

2. Shrouds, covers; conceals.

3. Sable, dark; black.

4. Presaged, foretold; foreshowed; foreboded. [Lat. *pro*, and *sigio*, I perceive quickly.]

5. Covert, shelter.

6. Scud, run with haste; flee.

7. Battered, beaten. [Fr. *battre*, to beat.]

8. Fervour, warmth. [Lat. *fervor*, heat.]

9. Eager, sour. [Lat. *acerr*, sharp, sour.]

105 And when the tempest first appeared to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.
With still remark the pondering hermit viewed,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude ;
"And why should such" (within himself he cried)

110 "Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?"
But what new marks of wonder soon take place,
In every settling feature of his face,
When from his vest¹ the young companion bore
That cup, the generous landlord owned before,

115 And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of his churlish soul !
But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
The sun emerging opes² an azure sky ;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,

120 And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day ;
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary³ gate.
While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travail⁴ of uncertain thought ;

125 His partner's acts without their cause appear,
'Twas there a vice, and seemed a madness here :
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.
Now night's dim shades again involve the sky, }
130 Again the wanderers want a place to lie ; }
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improved around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great :
It seemed to speak its master's turn of mind,

135 Content, and not for praiso but virtue kind.
Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet.

1. Vest, vestment; dress. [Specifically, a waistcoat.] 2. Opes, opens. [Poetical.] 3. Wary, cautious. [This is an example of *hypallage*, see page 231, note 4.] 4. Travall, trouble; torment. [Fr. *travail*, labour. Akin to *travel*.]

Their greeting fair, bestowed with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:—

140 "Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To Him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From Him you come, from Him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer."

He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
145 Then talked of virtue till the time of bed;
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warned by a bell, and close tho hours with prayer.

At length the world, renewed by calm repose,
Was strong for toil; the dappled¹ morn arose;

150 Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the closed cradle where an infant slept,
And writhed² his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O strange return³! grow black, and gasped, and died.

Horror of horrors! what! his only son!

155 How looked our hermit when the fact⁴ was done?
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder⁵ part,
And breathe blue fire, could moro assault his heart.

Confused and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies; but, trembling, fails to fly with speed.

160 His steps the youth pursues; the country lay
Perplexed with roads; a servant showed the way;
A river crossed the path; the passage o'er
Was nice⁶ to find; the servant trod before;

Long arms of oak an open bridge supplied,

165 And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who seemed to watch a time to sin,
Approached the careless guide, and thrust him in;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head;

Then plashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

170 Wild sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries:—

1. Dappled, marked with spots; variegated.

2. Writhe, twisted; wrung.

3. Return, recompence.

4. Fact, deed.

5. In sunder, in two.

6. Nice, difficult. [O, Mr. nice,

I sat ne, not, and scie, I know.]

“ Detested wretch !”—But scarce his speech began,
 When the strange partner seemed no longer man :
 His youthful face grew more soronely sweet ;

175 His robo turned white, and flowed upon his foot ;
 Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair ;
 Celestial odours breathe through purpled air ;
 And wings, whose colours glittered on the day,
 Wido at his back their gradual plumes display ;

180 The form otheroal¹ bursts upon his sight,
 And moves in all the majesty of light.
 Though loud at first the pilgrim’s passion grew,
 Sudden he gazed, and wist² not what to do ;
 Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,

185 And in a calm his settling tempor ends.
 But silence here the beauteous angel broke ;
 The voice of music ravished³ as he spoke :—
 “ Thy prayor, thy praise, thy liso to vice unknown,
 In sweet memorial rise before the throne ;

190 These charms, success in our bright region find,
 And force an angol down to calm thy mind ;
 For this, commissioned, I forsook the sky,
 Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.
 Then know the truth of government Divine,

195 And let those scruples be no longer thine.
 The Maker justly claims that world he made,
 In this the right of Providence is laid ;
 Its sacred majesty through all depends
 On using second means to work his ends :

200 ’Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
 The Power exorts His attributes on high,
 Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
 And bids the doubling sons of mon be still.
 What strange events can strike with more surprise,

205 Than those which lately struck thy wondering oyes ?

1. Ethereal, formed of *ether* ; 3. Ravished, enraptured ; trans-
 heavenly. sported with joy. [Lat. *rapio*, I
 2. Wist, know. snatch.]

Yet, taught by these, confess tho Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle¹, learn to trust !

"The great vain man, who fared on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good ;

210 Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, this graceless² custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

"The mean suspicious wretch whose bolted door

215 Ne'er moved in pity to the wandering poor,
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.

220 Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head :
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross³ the silver runs below.

"Long had our pious friend in virtue brod,
225 But now the child half weaned⁴ his heart from God :
Child of his age, for him he lived in pain,
And measured back his steps to Earth agen.
To what excessos had his dotage⁵ run !
But God, to save the fother, took the son.

230 To all but theo, in fits⁶ he seemed to go,
And 'twas my ministry⁷ to deal the blow.
The poor foul parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

"But how had all his fortune felt a wrack⁸,
235 Had that false sorvant spod in safoty back !
This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal ;
Then what a fund of charity would fail !

1. Unriddle, read the riddle of ; explain ; interpret, unravel.

affection ; imbecility of mind in old age. [From *dotie*.]

2. Graceless, wanting in propriety.

6. In fits, in convulsions.

3. Dross, refuse ; impurities.

7. Ministry, office ; duty. [Lat. *minister*, a servant.]

4. Weaned, detached ; alienated.

8. Wrack, wreck ; ruin ; destruction.

5. Dotage, weak and foolish

"Thus Heaven instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."

240 On sounding pinions¹ here the youth withdrew ;
The sage stood wondering as the seraph² flew :
Thus looked Elisha³, when, to mount on high
His master⁴ took the chariot of the sky :
The fiery pomp ascending left the view ;
245 The prophet gazed, and wished to follow too.
The bending hermit here a prayer begun :
"Lord, as in Heaven, on Earth Thy will be done!"
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And passed a life of piety and peace.

Thomas Farnell (1679-1717).

4.—THE ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK I.

THE CONTENTION OF ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON.

THE ARGUMENT.

In the war of Troy, the Greeks, having sacked some of the neighbouring towns, and taken from thence two beautiful captives, Chryses and Briseis, allotted the first to Agamemnon, and the last to Achilles. Chryses, the father of Chryseis, and priest of Apollo, comes to the Grecian camp to ransom her; with which the action of the poem opens, in the tenth year of the siego. The priest, being refused and insolently dismissed by Agamemnon, entreats for vengeance from his god, who inflicts a pestilence on the Greeks. Achilles calls a council and encourages Chaleas to declare the cause of it; who attributes it to the refusal of Chrysets. The king, being obliged to send back his captive, enters into a furious contest with Achilles, which Nestor pacifies; however, as he had the absolute command of the army, he seizes on Briseis in revenge. Achilles, in discontent, withdraws himself and his forces from the rest of the Greeks.

Achil'les' wrāth, | to Greece | the direſful ſpring
Of woes unnumbered, heavenly goddess, ſing !

1. Pinions, wings. [Lat. *penna*, a feather.]

2. Seraph, an angel of the highest order. [Heb. *seraph*, to burn, to be eminent or noble.]

3. Eli'sha, successor of the Hebrew prophet Elijah, who called him from the plough. "There appeared

a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder, and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven. * * And Elisha saw him no more: and he took hold of his own clothes, and rent them into pieces." 2 Kings, II. 11-12.

4. His master, i.e. Elijah.

That wrath which hurled to Pluto's¹ gloomy reign
 The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain,
 5 Whose limbs, unburied on the naked shore,
 Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore:
 Since great Achilles² and Atrides³ strove, [Jove!
 Such was the sovereign doom, and such the will of
 Declare, O Muse! in what ill-fated hour
 10 Sprung the fierce strife, from what offended power?
 Latona's⁴ son a dire contagion spread,
 And heaped the camp with mountains of the dead;
 The king of men his reverend priest defied,
 And, for the king's offence, the people died.
 15 For Chryses sought, with costly gifts, to gain
 His captive daughter from the victor's chain.
 Suppliant the venerable father stands;
 Apollo's⁵ awful ensigns grace his hands.
 By these he begs; and, lowly bending down,
 20 Extends the sceptre and the laurel crown.
 He sued to all, but chief implored for grace
 The brother-kings⁶ of Atreus' royal race.
 "Ye kings and warriors! may your vows be crowned,
 And Troy's⁷ proud walls lie level with the ground.
 25 May Jove restore you, when your toils are o'er,
 Safe to the pleasures of your native shore;

1. *Pluto*, the god of the infernal regions.

2. *Achilles*, the great hero of the *Iliad*, was the son of Peleus, king of the Myrmidones in Thessaly. His mother was the nereid or sea-nymph Thetis.

3. *Atrides*, Agamemnon, grandson of Atreus, king of Mycenae. When Helen, the wife of his brother Menelaus, was carried off by Paris, son of Priam, king of Troy, the Greek chiefs resolved to recover her by force of arms, and Agamemnon was chosen their commander-in-chief.

4. *Latona*, mother of Apollo

and Diana.

5. *Apollo*, son of Jupiter and Latona. He was the god of the sun and his twin-sister Diana was the goddess of the moon.

6. *Brother-kings*, Agamemnon and Menelaus.

7. *Troy*, a city of Asia Minor. It was captured by the Greeks about 1184 B.C. after a 10 years' siege. [Called also *Hiss* after its founder *Hiss*, the son of *Tros*, from whom the country derived the name *Troas* and the city *Troja*. Priam was a grandson of *Hiss*.]

8. *Lie level with the ground*, be razed to the ground.

But oh ! relieve a wretched parent's pain,
And give Chryseis to these arms again.

If mercy fail, yet let my presence move ;

30 And dread avenging Phœbus¹, son of Jove."

The Greeks, in shouts, their joint assent declare,
The priest to reverence, and release the fair.

Not so Atrides : he, with kingly pride,
Repulsed the sacred sire, and thus replied :—

35 " Hence, on thy life, and fly these hostile plains ;
Nor ask, presumptuous, what the king detains.
Hence, with thy laurel crown and golden rod ;
Nor trust too far those ensigns of thy god."

* * * *

40 The trembling priest along the shore returned,
And, in the anguish of a father, mourned.
Disconsolate, not daring to complain,
Silent he wandered by the sounding main ;
Till, safe at distance, to his god he prays,
The god who darts around the world his rays.

45 " O Smintheus² ! sprung from fair Latona's line,
Thou guardian power of Cilla³ the divine,
Thou source of light ! whom Tenedos⁴ adores,
And whose bright presence gilds thy Chrysa's⁵
shores :

If e'er with wreaths I hung thy sacred fane⁶ ;

50 Or fed the flames with fat of oxen slain ;

God of the silver bow ! thy shafts employ,
Avenge thy servant, and the Greeks destroy.

1. Phœbus, an epithet of Apollo. [Gr. *phœbos*, bright.]

2. Smintheus, a surname of Apollo. [Either from *sminthos*, a mouse, because he delivered Phrygia from a plague of mice, or from *Sminthe*, a town in Troas.]

3. Cilla, a town of Troas.

4. Tenedos, an island in the Aegean Sea, off the coast of Troas.

5. Chrysa or Chryse, a city near Thebes, with a temple of Apollo Smintheus.

6. Fane, temple. [Lat. *fanum*.]

Thus Chryses prayed : the favouring power attends,
And from Olympus¹ lofty top descends.

55 Bent was his bow, the Grecian hearts to wound ;
Fierce as he moved, his silver shafts resound.
Breathing revenge, a sudden night he spread ;
And gloomy darkness rolled around his head.
The fleet in view, he twanged his deadly bow ;
60 And hissing fly the scattered fates below.
On mules and dogs the infection first began ;
And, last, the vengeful arrows fixed in man.
For nine long nights, through all the dusky air
The pyres thick-flaming shot a dismal glaro ;
65 But, ere the tenth revolving day was run,
Inspired by Juno², Thetis³ godlike son
Convened to council all the Grecian train ;
For much the goddess mourned her heroes slain.
The assembly seated, rising o'er the rest,
70 Achilles thus the king of men addressed :—
“ Why leave we not the fatal Trojan shore ;
And measure back the seas we crossed before ?
The plague destroying whom the sword would spare,
“Tis time to save the few remains of war.
75 But let some prophet or some sacred sago
Explore the cause of great Apollo's rage ;

1. *Olympus*, the name of several mountain ranges, the most celebrated of which is one on the boundary of Macedonia in Thessaly, of great height, and consequently regarded as the seat of the gods.

2. *Juno*, daughter of Saturn, sister and wife of Jupiter, and the guardian deity of women.

3. *Thetis*, a sea-nymph, wife of Peleus and mother of Achilles. It is said that all the gods and goddesses were invited to her wedding except Eris, the goddess of

Discord. Enraged at her exclusion, Eris threw a golden apple among the guests, with the inscription “To the fairest.” The prize was claimed by three goddesses, Juno, Minerva, and Venus. The Trojan Paris was asked to undertake the decision of the dispute. Juno promised him the sovereignty of Asia; Minerva, renown in war; and Venus, the most beautiful woman for his wife. He gave the apple to Venus and obtained Helen as his reward. This led to the Trojan war, in which Juno and Minerva favoured the Greeks and Venus sided with the Trojans.

Or learn the wasteful vengeance to remove,
By mystic dreams; for dreams descend from Jove.
If broken vows this heavy curse have laid,
80 Let altars smoke, and hecatombs¹ be paid;
So Heaven, atoned, shall dying Greece restore;
And Phoebus dart his burning shafts no more.”
He said, and sat: when Chalcas² thus replied,—
(Chalcas the wise, the Grecian priest and guide,
85 That sacred seer whose comprehensive view
The past, the present, and the future, knew;)
Uprising slow, the venerable sage
Thus spoke the prudence and the fears of age:—
“ Beloved of Jove, Achilles! wouldst thou know
90 Why angry Phoebus bends his fatal bow?
First give thy faith, and plight a prince’s word
Of sure protection, by thy pow’r and sword:
For I must speak what wisdom would conceal;
And truths, invidious to the great, reveal.
95 Bold is the task, when subjects, grown too wise,
Instruct a monarch where his error lies;
For, though we deem the short-lived fury past,
‘Tis sure, the mighty will revenge at last.”
To whom Pelides³:—“ From thy inmost soul
100 Speak what thou know’st, and speak without control.
E’en by that god I swear, who rules the day,
To whom thy hands the vows of Greece convey,
And whose bless’d oracles thy lips declaro;
Long as⁴ Achilles breathes this vital air,
105 No daring Greek, of all the numerous band,
Against his priest shall lift an impious hand;
Not e’en the chief by whom our hosts are led,
The king of kings, shall touch that sacred head.”
Encouraged thus, the blameless man replies:—
110 “ Nor vows unpaid, nor slighted sacrifice,

1. Hecatomb, a sacrifice of a hundred oxen; hence, any large number of victims. [Gr. *hekaton*, a hundred; and *bous*, an ox.]

2. Chalcas, a Greek sooth-sayer.
3. Pelides, Achilles. [So called from his father *Peleus*.]

4. Long as, as long as.

But he, our chief, provoked the raging pest,
Apollo's vengeance for his injured priest.

Nor will the god's awakened fury cease,
But plagues shall spread, and funeral fires increase,

115 Till the great king, without a ransom paid,
To her own Chrysa send the black-ey'd maid.

Perhaps, with added sacrifice and prayer,
The priest may pardon, and the god may spare."

The prophet spoke : when, with a gloomy frown,

120 The monarch started from his shining throne ;
Black choler¹ filled his breast that boiled with ire,

And from his eye-balls flashed the living fire :—

" Augur accurst ! denouncing mischief still,
Prophet of plagues, for ever boding ill !

125 Still must that tongue some wounding message bring,
And still thy priestly pride provoke thy king ?

For this are Phœbus' oracles explored,
To teach the Greeks to murmur at their lord ?

For this with falsehoods is my honour stained,
130 Is heaven offended, and a priest profane ?

Because my prize, my beauteous maid, I hold ;
And heavenly charms prefer to proffered gold ?

A maid, unmatched in manners as in face,
Skilled in each art, and crowned with every grace.

* * * *

135 Yet, if the gods demand her, let her sail ;
Our cares are only for the public weal :

Let me be doomed the hateful cause of all,
And suffer, rather than my people fall.

The prize, the beauteous prize, I will resign ;

140 So dearly valued, and so justly mine :
But since for common good I yield the fair,

My private loss let grateful Greeks repair² ;
Nor unrewarded let your prince complain

That he alone has fought and bled in vain."

1. Choler, anger ; wrath. [Gr. *chóle*, bile.] 2. Repair, make amends for ; restore. [Lat. *re*, and *paro*.]

145 “Insatiato¹ king! (Achilles thus replies)
 Fond of the power, but fonder of the prize! [yield,
 Wouldst thou the Greeks their lawful prey should
 The due reward of many a well-fought field?
 The spoils of cities razed and warriors slain,

150 We share with justice, as with toil we gain;
 But to resume whate'er thy avarice craves
 (That trick of tyrants) may be borne by slaves.
 Yet if our chief for plunder only fight,
 The spoils of Iliou² shall thy loss requite,

155 Whene'er, by Jove's decree, our conquering powers
 Shall humble to the dust her lofty towers.”
 Then thus the king:—“Shall I my prize resign
 With tame content, and thou possessed of thine?
 Great as thou art, and like a god in fight,

160 Think not to rob me of a soldier's right.
 At thy demand shall I restore the maid?
 First let the just equivalent be paid,
 Such as a king might ask; and let it be
 A treasure worthy³ her, and worthy me.

165 Or⁴ grant me this, or⁵ with a monarch's claim,
 This hand shall seize some other captive dame.
 Tho mighty Ajax⁶ shall his prize resign;
 Ulysses⁷ spoils, or e'en thy own, be mine.
 The man, who suffers, loudly may complain;

170 And rage he may, but he shall rage in vain.
 But this when time requires.—It now remains
 We launch a bark to plough the watery plains,
 And waft the sacrifice to Chrysa's shores,
 With chosen pilots and with labouring oars.

1. *Insatiato*, insatiable; not to be satisfied. [Lat. *in*, not, and *satis*, enough.]

2. Iliou, Ilium or Troy. [See page 199, note 7.]

3. Worthy.—Supply “of.”

4. Or—or, either—or.

5. Ajax, son of Telamon, king of Salamis. He is represented in the

Iliad as second only to Achilles in bravery.

6. Ulysses or Ulyxes, called *Odysseus* by the Greeks, was king of Ithaca. He was famous for his craft and eloquence. His adventures after the destruction of Troy form the subject of Homer's *Odyssey*.

175 Soon shall the fair the sable ship ascend,
 And some deputed prince the charge attend.
 This Creta's king¹, or Ajax, shall fulfil,
 Or wise Ulysses see performed our will ;
 Or, if our royal pleasure shall ordain,
 180 Achilles' self conduct her o'er the main ;
 Let fierce Achilles, dreadful in his rage,
 The god propitiate, and the pest assuage.”
 At this, Polides, frowning stern, replied :—
 “ O tyrant, armed with insolence and pride !
 185 Inglorious slave to interest, ever joined
 With fraud, unworthy of a royal mind !
 What generous Greek, obedient to thy word,
 Shall form an ambush, or shall lift the sword ?
 What cause have I to war at thy decree ?
 190 The distant Trojans never injured me ;
 To Phthia’s² realms no hostile troops they led ;
 Safe in her vales my warlike coursers³ fed ;
 Far hence remov’d, the hoarse-resounding main
 And walls of rocks secure my native roign,
 195 Whose fruitful soil luxuriant harvests grace,
 Rich in her fruits, and in her martial race.
 Hither we sailed, a voluntary throng,
 To avenge a private, not a public, wrong :
 What else to Troy the assembled nations draws,
 200 But thine, ungrateful, and thy brother’s cause ?
 Is this the pay our blood and toils deserve ;
 Disgraced and injured by the man we serve ?
 And dar’st thou threat to snatch my prize away,
 Due to the deeds of many a dreadful day ?
 205 A prize as small, O tyrant ! matched with thine,
 As thy own actions if compared to mine.
 Thine in each conquest is the wealthy prey,
 Though mine the sweat and danger of the day.

1. Creta's king, Idmonous, one of the Grecian heroes in the Trojan war.

2. Phthia, or Phthiotis, the kingdom of Achilles in Thessaly.

3. Coursers, swift war-horses.

Some trivial present to my ships I bear ;
 210 Or barren praises pay the wounds of war.
 But know, proud monarch ! I'm thy slave no more,
 My fleet shall waft me to Thessalia's shore :
 Left by Achilles on the Trojan plain,
 What spoils, what conquests shall Atrides gain ? ”
 215 To this the king :—“ Fly, mighty warrior ! fly ;
 Thy aid we need not, and thy threats defy.
 There want not¹ chiefs in such a cause to fight ;
 And Jove himself shall guard a monarch's right.
 Of all the kings (tho' gods' distinguished care)
 220 To power superior none such hatred bear :
 Strife and debate thy restless soul employ,
 And wars and horrors are thy savage joy.
 If thou hast strength, 'twas Heaven that strength
 bestowed ;
 For know, vain man ! thy valour is from God.
 225 Hasto, launch thy vessels, fly with speed away ;
 Rule thy own realms with arbitrary sway.
 I heed thee not, but prize at equal rate
 Thy short-lived friendship and thy groundless hate.
 Go, threat thy earth-born Myrmidons² ;—but here
 230 'Tis mine to threaten, prince, and thine to fear.
 Know, if the god the beauteous dame demand,
 My bark shall waft her to her native land ;
 But then prepare, imperious prince ! prepare,
 Fierce as thou art, to yield thy captive fair :
 235 E'en in thy tent, I'll seize the blooming prize,
 Thy loved Briseis³ with the radiant eyos.
 Hence shalt thou prove my might, and curse the hour
 Thou stood'st a rival of imperial power ;
 And hence, to all our host it shall be known,
 240 That kings are subject to the gods alone.”

1. Want not, lack not.

2. Myrmidons, the name of the people over whom Achilles ruled. [“ Myrmidon ” now means a rough or desperate soldier, or a

policeman or other law menial who executes orders with ruthless severity.]

3. Briseis, daughter of Briseus, of Lyrnessus, a town in Troas.

Achilles heard : with grief and rage opprest,
 His heart swelled high, and laboured in his breast ;
 Distracting thoughts by turns his bosom ruled ;
 Now fired by wrath, and now by reason cooled :

245 That¹ prompts his hand to draw the deadly sword,
 Force through the Greeks, and pierce their haughty
 lord ;

This² whispers soft his vengeance to control,
 And calm the rising tempest of his soul.

Just as in anguish of suspense he stayed,

250 While half unsheathed appeared the glittering blade,
 Minerva³ swift descended from above,
 Sent by the sister and the wife of Jove
 (For both the Princes claimed her equal care).
 Behind she stood, and by the golden hair

255 Achilles seized : to him alone confess⁴ ;
 A sable cloud concealed her from the rest.
 He sees, and sudden to the goddess cries
 (Known by the flames that sparkle from her eyes) :—

“ Descends Minerva, in her guardian care,
 260 A heavenly witness of the wrongs I bear
 From Atreus’ son ?—Then let those eyes, that view
 The daring crime, behold the vengeance too.”

“ Forbear ! (the progeny of Jove replies)
 To calm thy fury I forsake the skies :
 265 Let great Achilles, to the gods resigned,
 To reason yield the empire o’er his mind
 By awful Juno this command is given ;
 The king and you are both the care of Heaven.
 The force of keen reproaches let him feel ;

270 But sheathe, obedient, thy revenging steel :
 For I pronounce (and trust a heavenly power)
 Thy injured honour has its fated hour,
 When the proud monarch shall thy arms implore,
 And bribe thy friendship with a boundless store.

1. “That” stands for “wrath.” 2. “This” stands for “reason.” 3. Minerva, the Roman name of Athene, the goddess of wisdom.

4. Confessed, revealed, [Postical.]

275 Then let revenge no longer bear the sway :
Command thy passions, and the gods obey."'
To her Pelides :—" With regardful ear
"Tis just, O goddess ! I thy dictates hear.
Hard as it is, my vengeance I suppress :
280 Those who revere the gods, the gods will bless."
He said, observant of the bluc-eyed maid ;
Then in the shenth returned the shining blade.
The goddess swift to high Olympus flies,
And joins the sacred senato of the skies.
285 Nor yet the rago his boiling breast forsook,
Which thus redoubling on Atrides broke :—
"O monster ! mixed of insolence and fear,
Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer !
When wort thou known in ambushed fights to dare,
290 Or nobly face the horrid front of war ?
"Tis ours, the chance of fighting fields to try ;
Thine, to look on and bid the valiant die :
So much 'tis safer through the camp to go,
And rob a subject, than despoil a foe.
295 Scourge of thy people, violent and baso !
Sent in Jovo's anger on a slavish raco,
Who, lost to seuso of genorous freedom past,
Are tamed to wrongs,— or this had been thy last.
Now by this sacred sceptre hear me swear,
300 Which never more shall leaves or blossoms bear,
Which severed from the trunk (as I from thoe)
On the bare mountains left its parent tree ;
This sceptre, formed by tempored steel to provo
An ensign of the delegates of Jove¹,
305 From whom the power of laws and justice springs
(Tremendous oath ! inviolate to kings) :
By this I swear, when bleeding Greece again
Shall call Achilles, she shall call in vain ;
When, flushed with slaughter, Hector² comes to spres
310 The purpled shore with mountains of the dead,

1. Delegates of Jove, *i.e.*, kings. | Priam and Illeuba, and the oh
2. Hector, the eldest son of hero of the Trojans.

Then shalt thou mourn the affront thy madness gave,
Forced to deplore, when impotent to save :
Then rage, in bitterness of soul, to know
This act has made the bravest Grook thy foe."

315 He spoke ; and furions, hurled against the ground
His sceptre starred with golden studs around :
Then sternly silent sat. With like disdain,
The raging king returned his frowns again.
To calm their passion with the words of ago,
320 Slow from his seat arose the Pylian sage¹,
Experienced Nestor, in persuasion skilled ;
Words sweet as honoy from his lips distilled.
Two generations now had passed away,
Wise by his rules, and happy by his sway ;
325 Two ages o'er his native realm he reigned,
And now the example of the third remained.
All viewed with awe the venerable man,
Who thus, with mild benevolonco, began :—
" What shame, what woe, is this to Grecos ! what joy
330 To Troy's proud monarch and the friends of Troy !
That adverse gods commit to stern dobato
The best, the bravest, of the Grecian state.
Young as ye are, this youthful heat restrain ;
Nor think your Nestor's years and wisdom vain.
335 A god-like race of heroes once I know,
Such as no more theso ag'd eyes shall view !
Lives there a chief to match Pirithous² fame,
Dryas³ the bold, or Ceneus' deathless name ;
Theseus⁴, endued with more than mortal might,
340 Or Polyphemus⁵, like the gods in sight ?

1. The Pylian sage, Nestor, king of Pylos, a town on the west coast of Peloponnesus.

2. Pirithous, king of the Lapithæ in Thessaly,—a celebrated Greek hero.

3. Dryas—Ceneus, heroes of antiquity.

4. Theseus, a legendary king of Athens, who figures in almost all the great heroic expeditions of the ancient Greeks.

5. Polyphemus, king of the Cyclops in Sicily,—a gigantic monster, having only one eye in the centre of his forehead.

With these, of old, to toils of battle bred,
 In early youth my hardy days I led ;
 Fired with the thirst which virtuous envy breeds,
 And smit with love of honourable deeds.

345 Strongest of men, they pierced the mountain boar,
 Ranged the wild deserts red with monsters' gore,
 And from their hills the shaggy Centaurs¹ tore.
 Yet these with soft persuasive arts I swayed ;
 When Nestor spoke, they listened and obeyed.

350 If, in my youth, o'er these esteemed me wise,
 Do you, young warriors, hear my age advise.
 Atrides, seize not on the beauteous slave ;
 That prize the Greeks by common suffrage² gave.
 Nor thou, Achilles, treat our prince with pride ;

355 Let kings be just, and sovereign power preside.
 Thee, the first honours of the war adorn,
 Like gods in strength, and of a goddess born ;
 Him, awful majesty exalts above
 The powers of earth, and sceptred sons of Jove.

360 Let both unite, with well-consenting mind,
 So shall authority with strength be joined.
 Leave me, O king, to calm Achilles' rage ;
 Rule thou thyself, as more advanced in age.
 Forbid it, gods ! Achilles should be lost,

365 The pride of Greece, and bulwark of our host.”
 This said, he ceased. The king of men replies :—
 “Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise ;
 But that imperious, that unconquered soul,
 No laws can limit, no respect control.

370 Before his pride, must his superiors fall ;
 His word the law, and he the lord of all ?
 Him must our hosts, our chiefs, ourself, obey ?
 What king can bear a rival in his sway ?
 Grant that the gods his matchless force have given ;

375 Has foul reproach a privilege from Heaven ?”

1. Centaurs, an ancient race inhabiting Mount Pelion in Thessaly. They are represented as half

horses and half men.

2. Suffrage, vote. [Lat. *suffragium*, a vote.]

Here on the monarch's speech Achilus broke,
 And furious, thus, and interrupting, spoke :—
 “ Tyrant ! I well deserved thy galling chain,
 To live thy slave, and still to servo in vain,
 380 Should I submit to each unjust decree.—
 Command thy vassals, but command not me.
 Seize on Briseis, whom the Grecians doomed
 My prize of war, yet tamely see resumed ;
 And seize secure : no more Achilus draws
 385 His conquering sword in any woman's cause.
 The gods command me to forgive the past ;
 But let this first invasion be the last :
 For know, thy blood, when next thou dar'st invade,
 Shall stream in vengeance on my reeking blade.”

390 At this they ceased. The storm dotho expirod :
 The chiefs in sullen majesty retired.
 Achilles with Patroclus* took his way,
 Where near his tents his hollow vessels lay.
 Meantime Atrides launched, with numerous oars,
 395 A well-rigged ship for Chrysa's sacred shores :
 High on the deck was fair Chryseis placed,
 And sage Ulysses with the conduct graced :
 Safe in her sides the hecatomb they stowed,
 Then, swiftly sailing, cut the liquid road.

Translated by Alexander Pope (1688-1744).

* Patroclus, the dearest friend of Achilles. After the withdrawal of Achilles the Greeks were so hard pressed by the Trojans that they were obliged to send him an embassy begging for his return. Achilles refused to take any further part in the war but allowed Patroclus to make use of his men,

horses, and armour. Patroclus succeeded in driving the Trojans back to their walls, but he was at length slain by Hector. On this Achilles in great grief and rage hurried to the field of battle, killed large numbers of the Trojans, and slew Hector after chasing him thrice round the walls of Troy.

5.—THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

CANTO FIFTH.

The Combat.

I.

FAIR' as | the eárliest béam | of éast|ern light,
 When first, by the bewildered pilgrim spied,
 It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,
 And silvers o'er the torrent's foaming tide,
 5 And lights the fearful path on mountain side;—
 Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,
 Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,
 Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright star,
 Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow
 of War.

II.

10 That eárly béam, | so fair | and sheén,
 Was twinkling through the hazel screen,
 When, rousing at its glimmer red,
 The warriors' left their lowly bed,
 Looked out upon the dappled^a sky,
 15 Muttered their soldier matins^b by,
 And then awaked their fire, to steal,
 As short and rude, their soldier meal.
 That o'er, the Gael^c around him throw
 His graceful plaid^d of varied hue,
 20 And true to promise, led the way,
 By thicket green and mountain gray.

1. The warriors, Roderick Vich Alpine Dhu, *i.e.*, Roderick, descendant of Alpine the Black, and James Fitz-James who had announced himself as the knight of Snowdoun, but who was no other than King James V. of Scotland.

2. Dappled, variegated.

3. Matins, morning-prayers.

[Lat. *matutinum*, the morning.]
 4. Gael.—"The Scottish Highlander calls himself *Gael*, or *Gaul*, and terms the Lowlanders, *Sassenachs*, or *Saxons*."

5. Plaid (plád or plad), a garment of tartan or checked woollen cloth, "of varied hue," worn by the Highlanders and others in Scotland.

A wildering path ! — they winded now
 Along the precipice's brow,
 Commanding the rich scenes beneath,
 25 The windings of the Forth and Teith,
 And all the vales between that lie,
 Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky ;
 Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance
 Gained not the length of horseman's lance.
 30 'Twas oft so steep, the foot was fain
 Assistance from the hand to gain ;
 So tangled oft, that, bursting through¹,
 Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew —
 That diamond dew, so pure and clear,
 35 It rivals all but Beauty's tear !

III.

At length they came where, storn and steep,
 The hill sinks down upon the deep,
 Here Vennachar² in silver flows,
 There, ridge on ridge, Benledi³ rose ;
 40 Ever the hollow path twined on,
 Beneath steep bank and threatening stone ;
 A hundred men might hold the post
 With hardihood against a host.
 The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
 45 Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak,
 With shingles⁴ bare, and cliffs betwoon,
 And patches bright of bracken green,
 And heather black, that waved so high,
 It held the copse in rivalry.
 50 But where the lake slept deep and still,
 Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill ;
 And oft both path and hill were torn,
 Where wintry torrent down had borne,

1. Bursting through, when they burst through.

2. Vennachar, a lake in Scotland.

3. Ben-ledi, a mountain near Loch Vennachar.

4. Shingles, round water-worn pebbles.

And heaped upon the cumbered land
 55 Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand,
 So toilsome was the road to trace,
 The guide, abating of¹ his pace,
 Led slowly through the pass's jaws,
 And asked Fitz-James, by what strange cause
 60 He sought these wilds, traversed by few,
 Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

IV.

“ Bravo Gael, my pass, in danger tried,
 Hangs in my belt, and by my side ;
 Yet, sooth to tell,” the Saxon said,
 65 “ I dreamt not now to claim its aid.
 When hero, but three days since, I came,
 Bewildered in pursuit of game,
 All seemed as peaceful and as still,
 As the mist slumbering on yon hill ;
 70 Thy dangerous Chieft² was then afar
 Nor soon expected back from war.
 Thus said, at least, my mountain-guide,
 Though deep, porchance, the villain lied.”
 “ Yet why a second venture try ?”—
 75 “ A warrior thou, and ask me why !—
 Moves our free course by such fixed cause,
 As gives the poor mechanic laws ?
 Enough, I sought to drive away
 The lazy hours of peaceful day ;
 80 Slight cause will then suffice to guide
 A Knight’s free footsteps far and wide,—
 A falcon flown, a greyhound strayed,
 The merry glance of mountain maid :
 Or, if a path be dangerous known,
 85 The danger’s self is Iuro alone.”—

1. Abating of, slackening. [“Of” after “abate” is incorrect.] Roderick Dhu, Fitz-James being yet unaware that his companion
 2. Thy dangerous chief, i.e., was the highland chief himself.

V.

"Thy secret keep, I urge thou not;—
 Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,
 Say, heard ye nought of Lowland war,
 Against Clan-Alpine, raised by Mar?"

90 —"No, by my word;—of bands prepared
 To guard King James's sports I heard;
 Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear
 This muster of the mountaineor,
 Their pennons will abroad be flung,
 95 Which else in Doune^a had peaceful hung."—
 "Free be they flung!—for we were loth
 Their silken folds should feast the moth.
 Free be they flung!—as free shall wave
 Clan-Alpine's pino in banner brave.
 100 But, Stranger, peaceful since you came,
 Bewilder'd in the mountain game,
 Whence the bold boast by which you show
 Vich-Alpine's vowed and mortal foo?"—
 "Warrior, but yester-morn, I knew
 105 Nought of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
 Save as an outlawed desperate man,
 The chief of a rebellious clan,
 Who, in the Regent's^b court and sight,
 With russian dagger stabbed a knight:
 110 Yet this alone might from his part
 Sever each true and loyal heart."—

VI.

Wrothful^c at such arraignment^d foul,
 Dark lowered^e the clansman's sable scowl.

A space he paused, then sternly said:—

115 "And heardst thou why he drew his blade?

1. Mar, the Earl of Mar.	4. Wrothful, wrathful; greatly incensed.
2. Doune, a castle on a peninsula formed by the confluence of the Ardoch and the Teith.	5. Arraignment, accusation. [Lat. <i>ad</i> and <i>ratio</i> , account.]
3. The Regent, Albany. He was appointed regent on the death of James IV.	6. Lowered, frowned; appeared dark or gloomy; became clouded. [Written also <i>lowr.</i>]

Heardst thou that shameful word and blow
 Brought¹ Roderick's vengeance on his foe?
 What recked the Chieftain, if he stood
 On Highland heath or Holy-Rood²?

120 He rights such wrong where it is given,
 If it were in the court of heaven."—
 " Still was it outrage ;—yct, 'tis true,
 Not then claimed sovereignty his due;
 While Albany, with feeble hand,
 125 Held borrowed truncheon of command,
 The young King³, mewed⁴ in Stirling tower,
 Was stranger to respect and power.
 But then, thy Chieftain's robber life!—
 Winning mean prey by causeless strife,
 130 Wrenching from ruined Lowland swain
 His herds and harvest reared in vain,—
 Methinks a soul like thine should scorn
 'Tho spoils from such foul foray borne."—

VII.

The Gael beheld him grim the while,
 135 And answered with disdainful smile :—
 " Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
 I marked theo send delighted eye,
 Far to the south and east, where lay,
 Extended in succession gay,
 140 Deep waving fields and pastures green,
 With gentle slopes and groves between :—
 These fertile plains, that softened valo,
 Were once the birthright of the Gael ;
 The stranger came with iron hand,
 145 And from our fathers reft the land.
 Where dwell we now ? See, rudely swell
 Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.

1. Brought.—Supply the native "which."

2. Holy-Rood, Holy Rood Palace, an ancient and famous

royal palace in Edinburgh,

3. The young King, James V., who was then a minor.

4. Mewed, confined.

Ask we this savage hill wo tread,
 For fattened steer or household bread ;

150 Ask we for flocks thosoe shingles dry,
 And well the mountaiu might reply,—
 'To you, as to your sires of yore,
 Belong the target and claymore¹ !
 I give you shelter in my breast,

155 Your own good blades must win the rest.'—
 Pent in this fortress of the North,
 Think'st thou we will not sally forth,
 To spoil the spoiler as we may,
 And from the robber rend tho prey ?

160 Ay, by my soul !—While on yon plain
 The Saxon rears one shock² of grain ;
 While, of ten thousand herds, there strays
 But one along yon river's maze,—
 The Gael, of plain and river heir,

165 Shall, with strong hand, rodeon his share.
 Where live the mountain chiofs who hold,
 That plundering Lowland field and fold
 Is aught but retribution true ?—
 Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu.'"

VIII.

170 Answered Fitz-James :—“ And, if I sought,
 Think'st thou no other could be brought ?
 What deem ye of my path waylaid,
 My life given o'er to ambuscade³ ? ”—
 “ As of a meed⁴ to rashness due :

175 Hadst thou sent warning fair and true,—
 I seek my hound, or falcon strayed,
 I seek, good faith, a Highland maid,—
 Free hadst⁵ thou boon to come and go ;
 But secret path marks secret foo.

1. Target and claymore, shield or buckler and large two-handed sword.

2. Shock, a pile of sheaves of wheat, rye, &c ; a stool.

3. Ambuscade, an unexpected

attack from a concealed position.
 [It. *in*, and *bosco*, a wood ; English, *bush*.]

4. Meed, reward.

5. Hadst been, wouldst have been.

180 Nor yet, for this, even as a spy,
 Hadst thou, unheard, been doomed to die,
 Save to fulfil an augury^{1.}”
 “ Well let it pass ; nor will I now
 Fresh cause of enmity avow²,
 185 To chafe³ thy mood⁴ and cloud thy brow.
 Enough, I am by promise tied
 To match me with this man of pride :
 Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine’s glen
 In peace ; but, when I come again,
 190 I come with baner, brand⁵, and bow,
 As leader seeks his mortal foo.
 For love-lorn swain, in lady’s bower,
 Ne’er panted for the appointed hour,
 As I, until before me stand
 195 This rebel Chieftain and his band !”—

IX.

“ Have, then, thy wish !”—he whistled shrill,
 And he was answered from the hill ;
 Wild as the scream of the curlew⁶,
 From crag to crag the signal flew.
 200 Instant, through copse and heath, arose
 Bonnets and spears and bended bows ;
 On right, on left, above, below,
 Sprung up at once the lurking foe ;
 From shingles gray their lances start,
 205 The bracken⁷ bush sends forth the dart,
 The rushes and the willow-wand
 Are bristling into axe and brand,
 And every tuft of broom gives life
 To plaided warrior armed for strife.

1. Augury, a prediction; a prognostication. [Lat. *avis*, a bird, and *gera*, I bear.]

2. Avow, declare. [Lat. *ad*, and *vovo*, I vow.]

3. Chafe, inflame; provoke. [Lat. *caleo*, I grow warm, and *facio*,

I make.]

4. Mood, temper of mind.

5. Brand, sword. [Poetical.]

6. Curlew, a water-bird, so named from its cry; the *whaup* of

Scotland.

7. Bracken, the common fern.

210 That whistle garrisoned the glen
 At once with full five hundred men,
 As if the yawning hill to heaven
 A subterranean¹ host had given.
 Watching their leader's beck² and will,
 215 All silent there they stood and still,
 Like the loose crags whose threatening mass
 Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
 As if an infant's touch could urge
 Their headlong passago down the verge,
 220 With step and weapon forward flung,
 Upon the mountain-side they hung.
 The Mountaineer cast glance of pride
 Along Benledi's living side,
 Then fixed his eye and sable brow
 225 Full on Fitz-James—"How say'st thou now ?
 These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true ;
 And, Saxon,—I am Roderick Dhu!"—

x.

Fitz-James was bravo :—Though to his heart
 The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,
 230 He manned himself with dauntless air,
 Returned the Chief his haughty stare,
 His back against a rock he bore,
 And firmly placed his foot before :—
 "Come one, come all ! this rock shall fly
 235 From its firm base as soon as I."—
 Sir Roderick marked—and in his eyes
 Respect was mingled with surprise,
 And the stern joy which warriors feel
 In foesmen worthy of their steel.
 240 Short space he stood—then waved his hand :
 Down sunk the disappearing band ;
 Each warrior vanished where he stood,
 In broom or bracken, heath or wood ;

1. Subterranean, underground. [Lat. *sub*, under, and *terra*, the earth.] 2. Beck, a nod of the head or other significant gesture.

Sunk brand and spear and bended bow,
 245 In osiers¹ pale and copses low ;
 It seemed as if their mother Earth
 Had swallowed up her warlike birth.
 The wind's last breath had tossed in air
 Pennon and plaid and plumage fair,—
 250 The next but swept a lone hill-side,
 Where heath and fern were waving wide :
 The sun's last glance was glinted² back,
 From spear and glaive³, from targo and jack⁴,—
 The next, all unreflected, shone,
 255 On bracken green, and cold gray stone.

xi.

Fitz-James looked round—yet scarce believed
 The witness that his sight received ;
 Such apparition well might seem
 Delusion of a dreadful dream.
 260 Sir Roderick in suspense he eyd,
 And to his look the Chief replied :—
 “ Fear nought—nay, that I need not say—
 But—doubt not aught from mine array.
 Thou art my guest ;—I pladged my word
 265 As far as Coilantogle ford⁵ :
 Nor would I call a clansman's brand
 For aid against one valiant hand,
 Though on our strife lay every vale
 Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.
 270 So move wo on ;—I only meant
 To show the reed on which you leant,
 Deeming this path you might pursue
 Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.”—
 They moved :—I said Fitz-James was brave,
 275 As ever knight that belted glaive ;

1. Osiers, willows.

2. Glinted, flashed; gleamed.

3. Glaive, a sword. [Obsolete.

Lat. *gladius*, a sword.]

4. Jack, jack-coat, a kind of

military coat, quilted and covered with leather,—“the peasant's substitute for a coat of arms.”

5. Coilantogle ford, a ford across the Teith.

Yet dare not say, that now his blood
 Kept on its wont and tempered flood,
 As, following Roderick's stride, he drew
 That seeming lonesome pathway through,
 280 Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife
 With lances, that, to take his life,
 Waited but signal from a guido,
 So late dishonoured and desied.
 Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round
 285 The vanished guardians of the ground,
 And still from copse and heather deep,
 Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,
 And in the plover's shrilly strain,
 The signal whistle heard again.
 290 Nor breathed he free till far behind
 The pass was left; for then they wind
 Along a wide and level green,
 Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,
 Nor rush nor bush of broom was near,
 295 To hide a bonnet or a spear.

xii.

The Chief in silence strode before,
 And reached that torrent's¹ sounding shore,
 Which, daughter of three mighty lakes²,
 From Vennachar in silver breaks,
 300 Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines
 On Bochastle³ the mouldering lines,
 Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
 Of yore her eaglo wings unfurled:
 And here his course the Chieftain staid,
 305 Threw down his target and his plaid,
 And to the Lowland warrior said:—
 “Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
 Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.

1. Torrent, a rapid stream. [Lat. *torrentis*, roaring, from *torre*, I parch.]

2. Three mighty lakes, Loch Katrine, Loch Achray, and Loch

Vennachar.

3. Dochastle, the name of a flat and extensive moor, on which there are some old entrenchments, supposed to be Roman.

1. This muruorous Chief, this ruthless man,
310 This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
2. See, here, all vantageless¹ I stand,
Armed, like thyself, with single brand ;
For this is Coilantoglo ford,
And thou must keep theo with thy sword."—

XIII.

The Saxon paused :—" I ne'er delayed,
320 When foeman bade me draw my blade ;
Nay more, brave Chief, I vowed thy death :
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better need have well deserved :
325 Can nought but blood our feud atone ?
Are there no means ?" — " No, Stranger, none !
And hear,—to fire thy flagging zeal,—
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel ;
For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred
330 Between the living and the dead,—
‘ Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
His party conquers in the strife.’ ” —
“ Then, by my word,” the Saxon said,
“ Thy riddle is already read.
335 Seek yondor brake bencath the cliff,—
There lies Red Murdoch², stark³ and stiff.
Thus Fate has solved her prophecy,
Then yield to Fate, and not to me.
To James, at Stirling, let us go,
340 When, if thou wilt be still his foe,

1. Vantageless, without any advantage. [Fr. *avant*, before; from Lat. *ab*, and *ante*, before.]

2. Red Murdoch, one of the

clansmen of Roderick. He was slain by Fitz-James, whom he had attempted to decoy.

3. Stark, stretched out; stiff.

Or if the King shall not agree
 To grant thee grace and favour free,
 I plight¹ mine honour, oath, and word,
 That, to thy native strengths restored,
 345 With each advantage shalt thou stand,
 That aids thee now to guard thy land."

XIV.

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye—
 " Soars thy presumption, then, so high,
 Because a wretched kern² ye slew,
 350 Homage to name to Roderick Dhu ?
 He yields not, ho, to man nor Fate !
 Thou add'st but fuel to my hate :—
 My clansman's blood demands revenge.—
 Not yet prepared ?—By heaven, I change
 355 My thought, and hold thy valour light
 As that of some vain carpet-knight³,
 Who ill deserved my courteous care,
 And whose best boast is but to wear
 A braid⁴ of his fair lady's hair."—
 360 " I thank thee, Roderick, for the word !
 It nerves my heart, it steels my sword ;
 For I have sworn this braid to stain
 In the best blood that warms thy vein.
 Now, truce, farowoll ! and, ruth, bogone !—
 365 Yet think not that by thee alone,
 Proud Chief ! can courtesy be shown ;

1. Plight, pledge : promise.
2. Kern, a boor ; a common soldier.
3. Carpet-knight, a knight who has not won his spurs on the battle-field by deeds of valour.
4. Braid, a lock of hair. It belonged to a poor woman, named Blanch of Devan, whose husband had been killed on her wedding-morn in one of Roderick's raids in the Lowlands. She had lost her

reason in consequence ; but when she saw Fitz-James with Red Murdoch she recognized his Lowland dress and gave him warning of his danger. On this, Red Murdoch took to his heels, discharging a shot which only grazed the knight's helmet, but fatally wounded Blanch. Murdoch was pursued and slain, and Fitz-James soothed the dying Blanch by swearing to avenge her wrongs on Roderick.

Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
Of this small horn one feeble blast

370 Would fearful odds against thee cast.
But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt—
We try this quarrel hilt to hilt.”
Then each at once his falchion² drew,
Each on the ground his scabbard³ threw,
375 Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain,
As what they ne’er might see again;
Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed.

xv.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
380 That on the field his targe he threw,
Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
Had death so often dashed aside;
For, trained abroad his arms to wield,
Fitz-James’s blade was sword and shield.
385 He practised every pass and ward,
To thrust, to strike, to feint⁴, to guard;
While less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael maintained unequal war.
Three times in closing strife they stood,
390 And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood;
No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
The gushing flood the tartans dyed.
Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And showered his blows like wintry rain;
395 And, as firm rock, or castle-roof,
Against the winter shower is proof,

1. Cairn, a heap of stones of a conical form, set up as a memorial or as a landmark.

2. Falchion, a sword. [Lat. *falc*, a “sythe.”]

3. Scabbard, a sheath.

4. Ward, guard.

5. Feint, to pretend to thrust at one part when another is intended to be struck. [From *frign*.]

The foe, invulnerable¹ still,
 Foiled his wild rage by steady skill ;
 Till, at advantage ta'en, his braud
 400 Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
 And backward borne upon the lea²,
 Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

XVI.

“ Now, yield thee, or by Him who made
 The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade ! ”—
 405 “ Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy !
 Let recreant³ yield, who fears to die.”
 Like adder darting from his coil,
 Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
 Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
 410 Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung ;
 Received, but reeked not of, a wound,
 And locked his arms his foe man round.—
 Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own !
 No maiden's hand is round thee thrown !
 415 That desperate grasp thy frame might feel,
 Through bars of brass and triple steel ! —
 They tug, they strain ! down, down they go,
 The Gacl above, Fitz-James below.
 The Chieftain's gripe his throat comprest,
 420 His knee was planted on his breast ;
 His clotted locks he backward threw,
 Across his brow his hand he drew,
 From blood and mist to clear his sight,
 Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright !
 —But hate and fury ill supplied
 425 The stream of life's exhausted tide,
 And all too late the advantage came,
 To turn the odds of deadly game ;

1. Invulnerable, incapable of being wounded. [Lat. *m*, not, and *culnus*, a wound.]

2. Lea, turf; plain; meadow.

3. Recreant, a coward. [Lat. *recendo*, I surrender; from *re*, back, and *cedo*, I believe.]

For, while the dagger gleamed on high,
 430 Roeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye.
 Down came the blow ! but in the heath
 The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
 'The struggling foe may now unclasp
 'The fainting Chieft's relaxing grasp ;
 435 Unwounded from the dreadful close,
 But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

* * * *

Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832).

6.—THE TRAVELLER.

REMOTE', | unfriénded, mélancholij, slow¹,
 Or by the lazy Scheld² or wandering Po ;
 Or onward, where the rude Carinthian³ hoor
 Against the houseless strangor shuts the door ;
 5 Or where Campania's⁴ plain forsaken lies,
 A weary waste expanding to the skies ;
 Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
 My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee ;
 Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
 10 And drags at each remove a lengthening chain⁵.
 Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend⁶,
 And round his dwelling guardian saints attend ;
 Blest be that spot, where cheorful guests retire
 To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire ;
 15 Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
 And every stranger finds a ready chair ;

1. Remote, &c.—All the adjectives in the first line qualify “I” in line 7.

2. Scheld or Scheldt, a river of France and the Netherlands.

3. Carinthia, a province of Austria.

4. Campania, Campagna Di Roma, an uncultivated and unhealthy plain, surrounding Rome.

5. Drags a lengthening chain. Cf.—“We drag, it is true, ‘a lengthening chain’ at each remove of our pilgrimage ; but the chain is unbroken : we can trace it back link by link, and we feel that the last still grapples us to home.”

6. My earliest friend, i.e., the poet's brother Henry.

Blest be those feasts, with simple plenty crowned,
 Where all the ruddy family around
 Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
 20 Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale ;
 Or press the bashful stranger to his food ;
 And learn the luxury of doing good.
 But me, not destined such delights to share,
 My prime of life in wandering spent and care ;
 25 Impelled, with steps unceasing, to pursue
 Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view ;
 That, like the circle¹ bounding earth and skies,
 Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies ;
 My fortune lends² to traverso realms alone,
 30 And find no spot of all the world my own.
 E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
 I sit me down a pensive³ hour to spend ;
 And, placed on high above the storm's career,
 Look downward where a hundred realms appear ;
 35 Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
 The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.
 When thus Creation's charms around combine,
 Amidst the store should thankless pride repine ?
 Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
 40 That good which makes each humbler bosom vain ?
 Let school-taught⁴ pride dissemble all it can,
 These little things are great to little man ;
 And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
 Exults in all the good of all mankind. [crowned ;
 45 Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour
 Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round ;
 Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale ;
 Ye bending swains⁵, that dress the flowery vale
 For me your tributary stores combine :
 50 Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine !

1. The circle, the horizon.

2. Leads.—The object is "me" in line 23.

3. Pensive, meditative; thought-

ful. [Lit. *pensu*, I weigh.]

4. School-taught pride, proud philosophers.

5. Swains, peasants. [Poetical.]

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
 Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
 Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
 Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting¹, still:

55 Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
 Pleased with each good that Heaven to man supplies:
 Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall²,
 To see³ the hoard of human bliss so small;
 And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find

60 Some spot to real happiness consigned,
 Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
 May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.
 But, where to find that happiest spot below,
 Who can direct, when all pretend to know?

65 The shuddering tenant⁴ of the frigid zone
 Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
 Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
 And his long nights of revelry and glee;
 The naked negro, panting at the line⁵,

70 Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine⁶,
 Basks in the glare, or stems⁷ the tepid wave,
 And thanks his gods for all the good they gave⁸.
 Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam;
 His first, best-country, ever is at home.

75 And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
 And estimate the blessings which they share,
 Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
 An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
 As different good, by Art or Nature given

80 To different nations, makes their blessings even⁹.
 Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
 Still grants her bliss at Labour's own¹⁰ call:

1. Wanting, deficient.
 2. Sorrows, tears of sorrow.
 3. To see, at seeing.
 4. Tenant, inhabitant.
 5. Line, the Equator.

6. Palmy wine, toddy.
 7. Stems, breasts; opposed.
 8. Gave, have given.
 9. Even, equal.
 10. Call, endeavour.

With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's¹ cliffs as Arno's² shelvy³ side ;

85 And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From Art more various are the blessings sent,—
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,

90 That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails ;
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state to one loved blessing prone⁴,
Conforms and models life to that alone.

95 Each to the favourite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends ;
Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This favourite good begets peculiar pain.
But let us try these truths with closer eyes,

100 And trace them through the prospect as it lies :
Here for a while, my proper cares resigned,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind ;
Like you neglected shrub, at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

105 Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends :
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatrie pride⁵ ;
While oft some temple's mouldering tops between

110 With venerable grandeur mark the scene.
Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground ;

1. Idra, or Idria, a town of Austria, noted for its mines of quicksilver.

2. Arno, a river of Italy.

3. Shelvy, gently sloping.

4. Prone, inclined.

5. Compare :
"A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend,
Shade above shade, a woody theatro
Of stateliest view." — *Milton*.

115 Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whoso bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives¹, that blossom but to die;
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
120 Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow² fragrance round the smiling land.
But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.

125 In florid beauty groves and fields appear;
Man seems the only growth that dwindleth here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign;
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;

130 And even in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contuminate³ the mind
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far removed the date,
When commerce proudly flourished through the

135 At her command the palace learnt to rise, [state;
Again the long-fallen column sought the skies;
The canvas⁴ glowed beyond e'en nature warm,
The pregnant quarry⁵ teemed with human form:
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,

140 Commerce on other shores displayed her sail;⁶
While nought remained of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave:
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric⁷ ill.

1. With vernal lives, blooming in spring only.

2. Winnow, waft; blow. [From *wind*.]

3. Contaminate, taint; corrupt. [Lat. *con*, and *tango*, I touch.]

4. Canvas, i.e., painting.

5. Quarry, marble-pit.

6. Commerce, &c.—Commerce declined in Italy and flourished in Portugal after the discovery of America by Columbus and that of the sea-route to India by V. de Gama.

7. Plethoric, caused by fulness, [Gr. *plethora*, overfullness of blood.]

145 Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied
 By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride :
 From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
 An easy compensation seem to find.
 Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp arrayed,

150 The pasteboard triumph¹ and the cavalcado ;
 Processions formed for piety and love,
 A mistress or a saint in every grove.
 By sports like these are all their cares beguiled
 The sports of children satisfy the child.

155 Each nobler aim, repressed by long control,
 Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul ;
 While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
 In happier meanness occupy the mind :
 As in those domes where Cæsars² once bore sway,

160 Defaced by time, and tottering in decay,
 There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
 The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed ;
 And wond'ring, man could want the larger pile,
 Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

165 My soul, turn from them ; turn we³ to survey
 Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
 Where the bleak Swiss⁴ their stormy mansions tread,
 And force a churlish⁵ soil for scanty bread :
 No product here the barren hills afford,

170 But man and steel, the soldier and his sword ;
 No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
 But winter lingering chills the lap of May ;
 No Zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
 But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

175 Yet, still, even here, content can spread a charm,
 Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.

1. Pasteboard triumph, mock procession.

2. Cæsars, emperors.

3. Turn we, let us turn.

4. Bleak Swiss. - An example

of *hypallage*. The epithet "bleak" is transferred from the country to its inhabitants.

5. Churlish, hard; stubborn; barren.

Though poor the peasant's hut, his feast though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all ;
Sees no contiguous¹ palace rear its head
180 To shame the meanness of his humble shed ;
No costly lord the sumptuous² banquet deal
To make him loathe his vegetable meal ;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting fits him to the soil.

Cheerful, at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes ;
With patient angle³ trolls⁴ the finny⁵ deep,
Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep ;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,

190 And drags the struggling savage⁶ into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed ;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze ;

195 While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter⁷ on the board :
And haply too some pilgrim⁸, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.
Thus every good his native wilds impart

200 Imprints the patriot passion on his heart ;
And e'en those hills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance⁹ the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms ;

205 And, as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,

1. **Contiguous**, neighbouring.
[Lat. *con*, and *tango*, I touch.]

2. **Sumptuous**, rich; splendid.
[Lat. *sumptus*, expense.]

3. **Angle**, fishing apparatus.
"Patient" is properly applicable
to the fisherman. [See p 231, note 4.]

4. **Trolls**, flakes or angles in.

5. **Finny**, full of fish.

6. **Savage**, bear, wolf, or some
other wild animal.

7. **Platter**, a shallow dish. [From
plate.]

8. **Pilgrim**, some wanderer or
traveller like the poet himself.
[Lat. *per*, and *ager*, a field.]

9. **Enhance**, increase. [Lat.
ante before.]

So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assigned ;

210 Their wants but few, their wishes all confined,
Yet let them only share the praises due :
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few ;
For every want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest ;

215 Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies
That first excites desire, and then supplies ;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy¹,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy ;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,

220 Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a smouldering fire,
Unquenched by want, unfanned by strong desire ;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,

225 In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch², the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow ;
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low :
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son

230 Unaltered, unimproved, the manners run ;
And love's³ and friendship's finely-pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated⁴ heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons, cowering⁵ on the nest ;

235 But all the gentler morals, such as play [way,
Through life's more cultured walks, and charm the
These, far dispersed, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
240 I turn ; and France displays her bright domain.

1. Cloy, pall ; become insipid.

2. Debauch, intemperance ;
drunkenness.

3. Love's.—Supply "dart."

4. Indurated, hardened.

5. Cowering, bending down.

Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
 Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please !
 How often have I led thy sportive choir,
 With timeless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire¹ ;
 245 Where shading elms along the margin grew,
 And freshened from the wave, the Zephyr flew ;
 And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,
 But mocked all tune, and marred the dancer's skill,
 Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
 250 And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
 Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
 Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
 And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore²,
 Has frisked beneath the burden of threescore.
 255 So blest a life these thoughtless realms display ;
 Thus idly busy³ rolls their world away :
 Theirs are those arts that mind to mind ondear,
 For honour forms the social temper here.
 Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
 260 Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
 Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
 It shifts in splendid traffic round the land ;
 From courts to camps, to cottages, it strays,
 And all are taught an avarice of praise.
 265 They please, are pleased ; they give, to get, esteem ;
 Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem⁴.
 But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
 It gives their follies also room to rise ;
 For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
 270 Enfeebles all internal strength⁵ of thought :
 'And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
 Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.

1. Loire, a river of France.

2. Gestic lore, art of dancing.

[“Gestic” means relating to bodily motion, from *gero*, I bear.]3. Idly busy.—An *oxymoron*.

4. Grow to what they seem, actually feel happy by constantly endeavouring to appear happy.

5. Internal strength, natural independence.

Hence ostentation here, with tawdry¹ art,
 Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart ;

275 Here vanity assumes her pert² grimace³,
 And trims her robes of frieze⁴ with copper lace ;
 Hero beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
 To boast one splendid banquet once a year :
 The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,

280 Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.
 To men of other minds my fancy flies,
 Embosomed⁵ in the deep where Holland lies :
 Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
 Where the broad ocean leans against the land,

285 And, sedulous⁶ to stop the coming tide,
 Lift the tall rampire's⁷ artificial pride.
 Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
 The firm connected bulwark seems to grow ;
 Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,

290 Scoops⁸ out an empire, and usurps the shore.
 While the pent⁹ ocean, rising o'er the pile,
 Sees an amphibious¹⁰ world beneath him smile :
 The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,
 The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,

295 The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,—
 A new creation rescued from his reign.
 Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
 Impels the native to repeated toil,
 Industrious habits in each bosom reign,

300 And industry begets a love of gain.

1. Tawdry, cheap and flimsy, showy but paltry. [Corrupted from *St. Audrey* or *St. Ethelreda*, and originally meaning bought at the fair of St. Audrey, where cheap baces and toys were sold.]

2. Pert, saucy, impudent.

3. Grimace, affected look.

4. Frieze, coarse cloth. [Originally brought from *Friesland*.]

5. Embosomed in the deep.—
 The country of Holland is lower

in most parts than the sea-level.

6. Sedulous, continually careful. [Lat. *sedulus*, careful, from *sedeo*, I sit.]

7. Rampire, rampart, dyke. [Poetical.]

8. Scoops, resounds from the ocean. [A *scoop* is a large hollow.]

9. Pent, confined; closed up.

10. Amphibious, belonging both to land and water. [Gr. *amphi*, on both sides, and *hios*, life.]

Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
 'With all those ills¹ superfluous treasure brings,
 Are² hero displayed. Their much-loved wealth
 imparts

Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts :

805 But view them closer, craft and fraud appear;
 E'en liberty itself is bartered³ here.
 At gold's superior charms all freedom flies;
 The needy sell it, and the rich man buys ;
 A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
 810 Hero wretches seek dishonourable graves,
 And calmly bent⁴, to servitude conform,
 Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.
 Heavens ! how unlike their Belgic⁵ sires of old !
 Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold ;

815 War in each breast, and freedom on each brow :
 How much unlike the sons of Britain now !

Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
 And flies where Britain courts the western spring ;
 Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian⁶ pride,
 820 And brighter streams than famed Hydaspos⁷ glide.
 There all around the gentlest breezes stray ;
 There gentle music mols on every spray ;
 Creation's mildest charms are there combined,
 Extremes are only in the master's⁸ mind !

825 Storn o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,
 With daring aims irregularly great ;
 Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
 I see the lords of humankind pass by ;

1. Ills.—Supply “which”

2. Are.—Made to agree with “good” and “ills,” though the latter word is governed by “with.”

3. Bartered, bought and sold [“To barter” is to exchange one commodity for another without the medium of money.]

4. Calmly bent, yielding tamely, because inclined for peace.

5. Belgic sires.—The ancient

Belge, who inhabited Belgium, Holland, and the northern part of France.

6. Arcadian.—Arcadia was an ancient province of Greece, celebrated for its pastoral picturesqueness.

7. Hydaspes, the Jelum, one of the five rivers of the Punjab. Here Porus was defeated by Alexander the Great.

8. The master, the dweller.

Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
 330 By forms unfashioned, fresh from Nature's hand,
 Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
 True to imagined right, above control,
 ! While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
 And learns to venerate himself as man.

335 Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictured here;
 Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear:
 Too blest¹, indeed, were such without alloy²;
 But fostered even by Freedom ills annoy;
 That independence Britons prize too high

340 Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
 The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
 All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown:
 Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
 Minds combat minds, repelling and repelled;

345 Ferments arise, imprisoned factions roar,
 Represt ambition struggles round her shore,
 Till, over-wrought, the general system feels
 Its motions stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.
 Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,

350 As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
 Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
 Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
 Hence all obedience bows to those alone,
 And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown:

355 Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms,
 The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
 Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
 Where kings have toiled, and poets wrote, for fame,
 One sink of level avarice³ shall lie,

360 And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonoured die.
 Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
 I mean to flatter kings, or court the great.

1. Too blest, happy to the height of one's wish.

literally means 'a base metal mixed with a finer according to law.'

2. Alloy, mixture of evil. [Fr. *a la loi*, according to law. "Alloy"]

3. One sink of level avarice, one common receptacle of avarice.

Ye powers of truth that bid my soul aspire,
 Far from my bosom drive the low desire ;
 365 And thou, fair Freedom, taught¹ alike to feel
 The rabble's rage, the tyrant's angry steel ;
 Thou transitory flower, alike undone
 By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun,
 Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure !
 370 I only would repress them to secure : /, to ...
 For just experience tells, in every soil,
 That those who think must govern those that toil ;
 And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,
 Is but to lay proportioned loads on each.
 375 Hence, should one order disproportioned grow,
 Its double weight must rain all below.
 O ! then how blind² to all that truth requires,
 Who think it freedom when a part aspires !
 Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
 380 Except when fast approaching danger warms ;
 But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
 Contracting regal power to stretch their own,
 When I behold a factions band agree
 To call it freedom when themselves are free,
 385 Each wanton³ judge new penal statutes draw
 Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law,
 The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
 Pillaged from slaves to purchase slaves at home ;
 Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
 390 Tear off reserv⁴, and bare my swelling heart ;
 Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
 I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.
 Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful⁵ hour,
 When first ambition struck at regal power ;
 395 And thus polluting honour in its source,
 Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.

1. How blind.—Supply “are they.”

2. Wanton, unrestrained ; un-
 soropulous ; capricious.

3. Tear off reserve, make me
 break through⁶ my natural reserve

4. Baleful, woeful ; pernicious.
 [From *bale*, calamity.]

Have we not seen, round Briton's peopled shore¹,
 Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore ?
 Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
 400 Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste ?
 Seen Opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
 Lead stern Depopulation in her train,
 And over fields where scattered hamlets rose,
 In barren solitary pomp repose ?
 405 Have we not seen at Pleasure's lordly call,
 The smiling long-frequented village fall ?
 Beheld the duteous son, the sire decayed,
 The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
 Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,
 410 To traverse climes beyond the western main ;
 Where wild Oswego² spreads her swamps around,
 And Niagara³ stuns with thundering sound ?
 E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
 Through tangled forests and through dangerous ways,
 415 Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
 And the brown Indian⁴ marks with murderous aim ;
 There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
 And all around distressful yells arise,
 The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
 420 To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
 Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
 And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.
 Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
 That bliss which only centres in the mind:
 425 Why havo I strayed from pleasure and repose,
 To seek a good each government bestows ?

1. Have we not seen — See *The Deserter Village*, *passim*.

2. Oswego, a river of New York, issuing from Lake Oneida and falling into Lake Ontario.

3. Niagara.—The celebrated Falls of the Niagara, a river of North Amerien, issuing from Lake

Erie and flowing northwards into Lake Ontario. "It is said that the thunder of Niagara may be heard for 20 miles."

4. Brown Indian, the Red Indians of America. The discoverers of America believed that continent to be a portion of India.

In every government, though terrors reign,
 Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
 How small, of all that human hearts endure,
 430 That part which laws or kings can cause or cure !
 Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
 Our own felicity we make or find :
 With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
 Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
 435 The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel¹,
 Luke's iron crown², and Damien's bed of steel³,
 To men remote from power but rarely known,
 Leave Reason, Faith, and Conscience, all our own.*

Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774).

7.—THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET' Auburn⁴ ! lovestliest village of the plain,
 Where health and plenty cheered the labouring
 swain,
 Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
 And parting Summer's lingering blooms delayed:
 5 Dear lovely bowers⁵ of innocence and ease,
 Seats of my youth, when every sport could please:

1. **Agonizing wheel.**—The wheel to which criminals were formerly bound in order to be crushed to death. This punishment was called "breaking on the wheel."

2. **Luke's iron crown.**—For the sake of metre the poet has substituted *Luke's* for *George's*. Luke and George Zech were two Hungarian brothers, who were taken prisoners in an attempt to raise an insurrection against the rulers of Hungary in 1514. George was made to sit on a red-hot iron throne and a red-hot iron crown was placed on his head. His veins were then opened and Luke was compelled to suck

his blood.

3. **Damien's bed of steel.**—Robert Francois Damien attempted to assassinate Louis XV. of France in 1757. For this crime he was put to death with shocking cruelty. By "bed of steel" the poet means the rack.

4. **Auburn.**—Supposed to be the Irish village of Lissoy, of which the poet's brother Henry was curate. But the description of the village in its happiest days is more applicable to an English village.

5. **Bowers, abodes; cottages.** [A.-S. *būan*, to dwell.]

* Of the last ten lines all but lines 435 and 436 were written by Dr. Johnson.

How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
 Where humble happiness endeared each scene !
 How often have I paused on every charm,
 10 The sheltered cot¹, the cultivated farm,
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
 The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
 For talking age² and whispering lovers made !
 15 How often have I blessed the coming day³,
 When toil, remitting⁴, lont its turn to play,
 And all the village train, from labour free,
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree !
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,
 20 The young contending, as the old surveyed ;
 And many a gambol frolicked⁵ o'er the ground,
 And sleights of art⁶ and feats of strength⁷ went
 round ;
 And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired ;—
 25 The dancing pair that simply sought renown
 By holding out to tire each other down ;
 The swain, mistrustless⁸ of his smutted⁹ face,
 While secret laughter tittered round the place ;
 The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
 30 The matron's glance, that would those looks reprove :
 These were thy charms, sweet village ! sports like
 these,
 With sweet succession, taught even toil to please ;
 These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shod,
 These were thy charms—but all these charms are
 fled !

1. Cot, a small cottage ; a hut.
 2. Talking age, garrulous old people.

3. The coming day, the approaching holiday.

4. Remitting, ceasing ; pausing.

5. Gambol frolicked, prank

was played.

6. Sleights of art, skilful tricks.

7. Feats of strength, muscular exploits.

8. Mistrustless, unsuspecting ; unconscious.

9. Smutted, blackened.

35 Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn ;
 Amidst thy bowers the tyrants hand¹ is seen,
 And Desolation saddens all thy green :
 One only master grasps the whole domain²,

40 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain ;
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
 But, choked with sedges³, works its weary way ;
 Along thy glades⁴, a solitary guest,
 The hollow-sounding⁵ bittern guards its nest ;

45 Amidst thy desert⁶ walks the lapwing⁷ flies,
 And tires their echoes with unvaried cries ;
 Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
 And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall ;
 And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,

50 Far, far away thy children leave the land.
 Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
 Where wealth⁸ accumulates, and men decay ;
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade ;
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made ;

55 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
 When once destroyed, can never be supplied.
 A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
 When every rood⁹ of ground maintained its man ;
 For him light Labour spread her wholesome store,

60 Just gave what life required, but gave no more :
 His best companions, innocence and health ;
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.
 But times are altered ; Trade's unfeeling train¹⁰
 Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain ;

1. The tyrant's hand, the power of the "tyrant" landlord.

2. Domain, estate. [Lat. *dominio*, a dominion.]

3. Sedges, weeds; rushes, marsh grass.

4. Glades, openings in a wood.

5. Hollow-sounding, booming.

6. Desert, deserted.

7. Lapwing, the plover or peewit.

8. Where wealth, &c., where property passes into the hands of a few persons, and the population decreases. [aero.]

9. Rood, the fourth part of an acre.

10. Trade's unfeeling train, unfeeling tradesmen.

65 Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
 Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,
 And every want to luxury allied,
 And every pang that folly pays to pride,
 Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,

70 Those calm desires that asked but little room,
 Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
 Lived in each look, and brightened all the green ;
 These, far departing, seek a kinder shore¹,
 And rural mirth and manners are no more.

75 Sweet Auburn ! parent of the blissful hour,
 Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
 Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
 Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
 And, many a year elapsed, return to view

80 Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew ;
 Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain².
 In all my wanderings round this world of care,
 In all my griefs—and God has given my share—

85 I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
 Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down ;
 To husband out³ life's taper⁴ at the close,
 And keep the flame from wasting, by repose :
 I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,

90 Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
 Around my fire an evening group to draw,
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw ;
 And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns⁵ pursue,
 Pants⁶ to the place from whence at first she flew,

95 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
 Here to return—and die at home at last.

1. Seek a kinder shore, emigrate to a more congenial place.

2. Remembrance, &c.—Compare:—"A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."—*Tracyson*.

3. Husband out, make to last long by care; economize.

4. Life's taper.—Life is compared to a candle.

5. Horns, huntsmen.

6. Pants, runs panting.

O blust Retirement, friend to life's decline,
 Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
 How blest is he, who crowns¹, in shades like these,
 100 A youth of labour with an age² of ease ;
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
 And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly !
 For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep ;
 105 No surly porter stands, in guilty state,
 To spurn imploring famine³ from the gate ;
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,
 Angels around befriending Virtue's friend ;
 Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
 110 While resignation gently slopes the way⁴ ;
 And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
 His heaven commences ere the world be past !
 Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close,
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
 115 Thoro, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
 The mingled notes came softened from below ;
 The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
 The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
 120 The playful children just let loose from school,
 The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant⁵ mind ;—
 Those all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
 And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
 125 But now the sounds of population fail,
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
 No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
 But all the blooming flush of life is fled :
 All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
 130 That feebly bends beside the plashy⁶ spring :

1. Crowns, completes ; finishes.
 2. Age, old age.
 3. Imploring famine, starv-
 g beggars.

4. Slopes, makes easy.
 5. Vacant, free from anxiety.
 [Lat. *vacuus*, empty.]
 6. Plashy, puddly.

She, wretched matron, forced in age, for broad,
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses¹ spread,
 To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn ;

185 She only left of all the harmless train,
 The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild ;
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,

140 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing² rich with forty pounds a year ;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his
 place³ ;

145 Unpractised⁴ he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour⁵ ;
 Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train⁶ ;

150 He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain :
 The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
 The ruined spondthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;

155 The broken soldier, kindly bid to stay,
 Sat by his fire and talked the night away ;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
 Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were
 won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,

160 And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;

1. Mantling cresses, water-cresses spreading over the brook like a mantle.

2. Passing, surpassingly ; exceedingly.

3. Place, position.

4. Unpractised he, he was not accustomed.

5. By doctrines, &c.—He was not a time-serving man.

6. Vagrant train, bands of gipsies, strollers, &c.

Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave o'er charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings leaned to Virtue's side;

165 But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all ;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
170 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed²,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
175 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
180 And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service³ past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
Ev'n children followed with endearing wife,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's
smile.

185 His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed.
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
190 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are
spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

1. New-fledged, newly supplied with feathers, | dying man." ["Dismayed" literally means, "deprived of might."]

2. Dismayed.—Supply "the" | 3. Service, church service.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
 With blossomed furze unprofitably gay¹,

195 There, in his noisy mansion², skilled to rule,
 The village master taught his little school :
 A man severe he was, and stern to view³ ;
 I knew him well, and every truant⁴ knew ;
 Well had the boding⁵ tremblers learned to trace

200 The day's disasters in his morning face ;
 Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
 Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
 Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned :

205 Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault ;
 The village all declared how much he knew ;
 'Twas certain he could write, and cipher⁶ too ;
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,

210 And even the story ran that he could gauge⁷ :
 In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
 For, even though vanquished, he could argue still ;
 While words of learned length and thundering sound
 Amazed the gazing⁸ rustics ranged around ;

215 And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
 That one small head could carry all he knew.
 But past is all his fame. The very spot,
 Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,

220 Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
 Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts⁹
 inspired,

Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,

1. Unprofitably gay, bearing blossoms, but no fruit or seed for eating.

2. Mansion, school-house

3. Stern to view, stern-looking.

4. Truant, a boy who absconds from school. [Fr. *truant*, a wandering beggar.]

5. Boding, anticipating a boding. [metie.

6. Cipher, do sums in arithmetic.

7. Gauge, measure the contents of a cask.

8. Gazing, gaping with wonder.

9. Nut-brown draughts, i.e., draughts of brown ale.

Where village statesmen¹ talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.

225 Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festivo place ; —
The white-washed wall, the nicely-sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door ;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,

230 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
'The twelve good rules², the royal game of goose³ ;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen⁴ boughs, and flowers, and fennel⁵, gay ;

235 While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.
Vain transitory splendours ! could not all
Reprise⁶ the tottering mansion from its fall ?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart

240 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail ;

245 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear ;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round ;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,

250 Shall kiss⁷ the cup to pass it to the rest.
Yes ! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train ;

1. Statesmen, politicians. 2. The twelve good rules.— Said to have been drawn up for public taverns by Charles I. 3. Royal game of goose, a game resembling back-gammon. On certain divisions of the board a goose was painted, hence the name.	4. Aspen, the poplar. 5. Fennel, a plant much used for decoration. It has a pungent smell. 6. Reprieve, save. [Literally, delay the execution of.] 7. Kiss the cup, touch it with her lips to make the contents sweeter— a chivalrous notion.
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To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art :
255 Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway ;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined :
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade¹,
260 With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed,—
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain ;
And, ev'n while Fashion's brightest arts decoy²,
Tho' heart distrusting asks if this be joy ?
265 Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand³
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore, .
270 And shouting Folly hails them from her shore ;
Hoards, ev'n beyond the miser's wish, abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
275 Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied ;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds ;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silk⁴ sloth [growth ;
280 Has robbed the neighbouring fields of half their
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green ;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies^k ;

1. *Masquerade*, a ball at which masks and fancy costumes are worn.

2. *Decoy*, lure into a snare ; entice. [From *duck*, and *coy*, a cargo.]

3. How wide the limits stand, what a great difference there is.

4. Around the world, &c.—
"Political economists may dispute the axiom, that luxury is hurtful to nations ; but Goldsmith has an advocate in the feelings of the heart, which yield a spontaneous assent to the principles he inculcates."—*Chambers' Encyclopædia*.

285 While thus the land, adorned for pleasure all,
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.
As some fair female, unadorned and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Sights ev'ry borrowed charm that dress supplies,

290 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyos ;
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence¹ of dress :

295 Thus fares the land, by luxury betrayed ;
In Nature's simplest charms at first arrayed ;
But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas² strike, its palaces surprise ;
While, scourged by famine, from the smiling land

300 The mournful peasant leads his humble band ;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave !
Where then, ah ! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous³ pride ?

305 If to some common's⁴ fenceless limits strayed,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And ev'n the bare-worn common is denied.
If to the city sped—what waits him there ?

310 To see profusion that he must not share ;
To see ten thousand baneful⁵ arts combin'd
To pamper⁶ luxury and thin mankind ;
To see each joy, the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woo :

1. Impotence, ineffective aid.
[Lat. *in*, not, and *potens*, power-
ful.]

2. Vista, a view or prospect
through an avenue of trees. [Lat
video, I see.]

3. Contiguous, adjoining ;
neighbouring [Lat. *con*. and *tango*,

I touch.]

4. Common, land common to
all, and therefore not fenced off.

5. Baneful, injurious ; destruc-
tive. [Lat. *bane*, poison.]

6. Pamper, feed luxuriously ;
gratify. [Lat. *pampinus*, a vine-
leaf.]

315 Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,
 There the pale artist¹ plies the sickly trade ; [display,
 Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps
 There the black gibbet² glooms beside the way :
 The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,

320 Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous train :
 Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
 The rattling chariots³ clash, the torches glare.
 Sure scenes like these no troubles o'er annoy !
 Sure these denote one universal joy !— [eyes

325 Are these thy serious thoughts ?—Ah, turn thine
 Where the poor houseless shivering female lies :
 She, once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
 Has wept at tales of innocence distress ;
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,

330 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn :
 Now lost to all—her friends, her virtue, fled—
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her head, [shower,
 And, pinched with cold, and shrinking from the
 With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,

335 When idly⁴ first, ambitions of the town,
 She left her wheel⁵ and robes of country brown⁶.
 Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
 Do thy fair tribes⁷ participate her pain ?
 Ev'n now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,

340 At proud men's doors thou ask a little bread !
 Ah, no ! To distant climes, a dreary scene,
 Where half the convex world intrudes between,
 Through torrid tracts with fainting stops they go,
 Where wild Altama⁸ murmurs to their woe⁹.

1. Artist, artisan; mechanio.

2. Gibbet, gallows.

3. Chariots, carriages.

4. Idly, thoughtlessly.

5. Wheel, spinning wheel.

6. Robes of country brown,
 her russet gowns.

7. Fair tribes, female inhabitants.

8. Altama, or Altamaha, a river in Georgia, North America.

9. To their woe—"To" here denotes correspondence, simultaneousness, or accompaniment.

345 Far different there from all that charmed before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore ;—
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day ;
Those matted woods, where birds forgot to sing,

350 But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling ;
Those poisonous fields, with rank¹ luxuriance crowned,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around ;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake ;

355 Where crouching tigers² wait their hapless prey,
And savage men, more murderous still than they ;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado³ flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,—

360 The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven ! what sorrows⁴ gloomed that parting day,
That called them from their native walks away ;

365 When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last,
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main⁵ ;
And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,

370 Returned and wept, and still returned to weep !
The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe ;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.

1. Rank, coarse ; exuberant.

2. *Tigers*.—There are no tigers in America except the jaguar.

3. *Tornado*, a whirlwind ; a hurricane ; a cyclone. [From *turn*]

4. *What sorrows*.—Migration to America was looked upon as a

great hardship in Goldsmith's time, owing to "the various terrors of that horrid shore." These "terrors" have now been considerably mitigated.

5. *Western main*, the Atlantic Ocean.

375 His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears¹,
 The fond companion of his helpless years,
 Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
 And left a lover's for a father's arms.
 With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
 380 And blessed the cot where every pleasure rose ;
 And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
 And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear ;
 Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
 In all the silent manliness of grief.
 385 O Luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
 How ill exchanged are things like these for thee !
 How do thy potions², with insidious³ joy,
 Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy !
 Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
 390 Boast of a florid vigour not their own ;
 At every draught more large and largo they grow,
 A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woo ;
 Till, sapped⁴ their strength, and every part unsound,
 Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.
 395 Ev'n now the devastation is begun,
 And half the business of destruction done ;
 Ev'n now, methinks, as pondering hero I stand,
 I see the rural Virtues leave the land.
 Down where yon anchoring⁵ vessel spreads the sail,
 400 That idly waiting flaps⁶ with every gale,
 Downward they move, a melancholy band,
 Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand⁷.
 Contented Toil, and hospitable Care,
 And kind connubial Tenderness⁸ are there ;

1. Lovelier in her tears. Cf.—
 "And love is loveliest when em-
 balmed in tears."—*Scott.*

2. Potions, draughts. [Lat.
poto, I drink.]

3. Insidious, treacherous. [Lat.
insidie, an ambush; from *in*, and
scideo, I sit.]

4. Sapped, undermined
 5. Anchoring, lying at anchor.
 6. Flaps, flutters in the wind.

7. Strand, beach.
 8. Connubial tenderness,
 kindness shown by man and wife
 to each other. [Lat. *con*, and
nubo, I marry.]

405 And Piety with wishes placed above,
And steady Loyalty, and faithful Love.
And thou, sweet Poetry ! thou loveliest maid ;
Still first to fly where¹ sensual joys invade ;
Unfit, in thes^o degenerate times of shame,
410 To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame ;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride ;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keop'st me so ;
415 Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well !
Farewell ! and oh ! whoro'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs², or Pambamarca's³ side,
Whether where equinoctial sorvours glow,
420 Or Winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress⁴ the rigours of the inclement clime ;
Aid slighted Truth with thy persuasivo strain ;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain ;
425 Torch him, that states, of native strength possest,
Though very poor, may still be very blest ;
That Trade's proud empiro hastos to swift decay,
As Ocean sweeps the laboured mole⁵ away ;
While self-dependent power can Timo defy,
430 As rocks resist the billows and the sky.*

Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774).

1. Where, from the place where.

2. Torno's cliffs, "the heights around Lake Tornæa in the extreme north of Sweden."

3. Pambamarca, one of the summits of the Andes near Quito, in South Americon.

4. Redress, alleviate ; mitigate.

5. Laboured mole, pier erect-
ed with much labour.

* The last four lines were added by Dr. Johnson.

"*The Deserted Village* was published in May, 1770, six years after
The Traveller."

8.—ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.¹

Ó THAT I those lips I had language ! Life I has passed
 With me but roughly since I heard thee last².
 Those lips are thine— thy own sweet smile I see,
 The same that oft in childhood solaced me ;
 5 Voice only fails, also how distinct they say,
 "Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away !"
 The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
 (Blest be the art that can immortalize,
 The art that baffles³ Time's tyrannic claim
 10 To quench it!) here shines on me still the same.
 Faithful remembrancer⁴ of one so dear,
 O welcome guest, though unexpected hero !
 Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,
 Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
 15 I will obey, not willingly alone,
 But gladly, as the precept⁵ wroth her own :
 And, while that face renews my filial grief,
 Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief—
 Shall steep me in Elysian⁶ reverie,
 20 A momentary dream, that thou art sho.
 My mother ! when I learnt that thou wast dead,
 Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
 Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
 Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?
 25 Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unselt, a kiss ;
 Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—

1. Sent to the poet by his cousin, Anne Bodham, February 25, 1790. To Lady Hesketh he wrote (April 30, 1790) :—“The General's approbation of my picture verses gave me much pleasure. I wrote them not without tears; therefore, I presume, it may be that they are felt by others. Should he offer me my father's picture, I shall gladly accept it. A melancholy pleasure is better than none—nay

verily, better than most.”

2. Since I heard thee last.—The poet was only six years old when his mother died. He was fifty-nine when he wrote this poem.

3. Baffles, frustrates.

4. Remembrancer, memento.

5. Precept, command.

6. Elysian, yielding the highest pleasure. [Lat. *Elysian*, the abode of the blessed after death.]

Ah, that maternal smile ! it answers—Yes.
 I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
 I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
 30 And, turning from my nursery window, drew
 A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !
 But was it such ?—It was.—Where thou art gone,
 Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
 May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
 35 The parting word shall pass my lips no more !
 Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
 Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
 What ardently I wished I long believed,
 And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
 40 By expectation every day beguiled,
 Dups of *to-morrow* even from a child.
 Thus many a sad *to-morrow* came and went,
 Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,
 I learnt at last submission to my lot,
 45 But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.
 Where once we dwelt¹ our name is heard no more,
 Children not thine have trod my nursery floor ;
 And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
 Drew me to school along the public way,
 50 Delighted with my bumble² coach, and wrapped
 In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capped,
 'Tis now become a history little known,
 That once we called the pastoral house our own.
 Short-lived possession ! but the record fair,
 55 That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
 Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
 A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
 Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
 That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid ;
 60 Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
 The biscuit or confectionary plum ;

1. The rectory at Great Berk-
 hampstead, where he was born.

2. Bauble, toy; gewgaw. [Fr.
babiole, a baby-thing.]

The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed :
All this, and more endearing still than all,
65 Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks
That humour¹ interposed too often makes ;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest ago,
70 Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may ;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in Heaven, though little noticed here.
Could Time, his flight reversed, restore tho hours,
75 When, playing with thy vesture's² tissued³ flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and strok⁴ my head, and
smile),—
80 Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here ?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—
But no—what here we call our life is such,
85 So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.
Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed),
90 Shoots into port at some well-havened⁵ isle,
Where spicos breatho, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent⁶ on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,

1. **Humour**, bad temper.
2. **Vesture**, dress; garment.

2. *Vesture, dress; garment.* "hairy" are connected with
3. *Tissued, interwoven.* [Lat. *hairy*.]

3. Tissued, interwoven. [Lat. *texere*, to weave.] 4. *texere*, to weave. 5. Quiescent, in a state of re-

1. Well havened, having a b. Quiescent, in a state of re-
pose. [Lat. quiesco, I keep quiet.]

1. Well behaved, having a pose. *Est. quiesco, I keep quiet.*

While airs impregnated¹ with incense play
 95 Around her, faunting light her streamers² gay ;
 So thou, with sails how swift ! hast reached the shore,
 "Where tempests never beat nor billows roar ;" ³
 And thy loved consort on the dangerous tido
 Of life long since has anchored by thy side.

100 But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
 Always from port withhold, always distressed,—
 Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
 Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
 And day by day some current's thwarting force

105 Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
 But oh, the thought, that thou art safe, and he !
 That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
 My boast is not that I deduce my birth
 From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth⁴ ;

110 But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
 The son of parents passed into the skies.
 And now, farewell !—Time unrevoked has run
 His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
 By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,

115 I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again ;
 To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
 Without the sin of violating thine ;
 And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
 And I can view this mimic show of theo,

120 Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
 Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.*

William Cowper (1731-1832).

1. Impregnated, filled. [Lat. *in* for *in*, and *prægnans*, pregnant.]

2. Streamers, flags flowing in the wind.

3. Quoted from Sir Samuel Garth's poem "On Death."

4. Rulers of the earth.—"Cowper's mother was descended from the several noble houses of West, Knollys, Carey, Bullen,

Howard, and Mowbray ; and so by four different lines from Henry III., King of England."—*Hales*.

* "Cowper says that he had more pleasure in writing this poem than any other of his except one, that one 'addressed to a lady (Mrs. Unwin), who has supplied to me the place of my own mother—my own invaluable mother—these six-and-twenty years.' "—*Hales*.

9.—ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.⁴

1. THE curfew¹ tolls | the knell² | of parting³ day ;
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea⁴ ;
The ploughman homeward plods⁵ his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
2. Now fades the glimmering⁶ landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds⁷ ;
Save where the beetle wheels his droning⁸ flight,
And drowsy tinklings⁹ lull the distant folds :
3. Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping¹⁰ owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest¹¹ her ancient solitary reign.
4. Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's¹² shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap¹³ ,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude¹⁴ forefathers of the hamlet¹⁵ sleep.

1. Curfew, a bell rung in Norman England, at 8 p.m., as a signal for putting out all fires and lights. [Fr. *courre-feu*, cover fire.]

2. Knell, death-signal; passing bell.

3. Parting, departing; dying.

4. Lea, pasture-land; meadow.

5. Plods, trudges; walks as if tired.

6. Glimmering, becoming fainter and fainter; fading away [Frequentative of *glean*.]

7. The order is:—A solemn stillness holds all the air.

8. Droning, making a dull buzzing sound, like a drone.

9. Tinklings, the jingling of the bell round the neck of the bell-wether, which leads the flock.

10. Moping, dull; gloomy.

11. Molest, disturb. [Lat. *moles*, trouble, labour, distress.]

12. Yew-tree, a tree often planted in grave-yards.

13. Mouldering heap, grave-mound.

14. Rude, rough; unpolished. [Lat. *ruditus*, in a natural state.]

15. Hamlet, a small village. [Lat. *ham*, home, and *let*.]

* This has long been considered one of the noblest poems in the English language. It was commenced in November 1742 and finished in June 1750. General Wolfe is reported to have declared to his officers, the night before he fell, that he would rather be the author of this poem than take Quebec. The churchyard the poet had in view was, it is generally believed, that of Stoko Pogis, in Buckinghamshire, where he lies buried by the side of his mother.

5. The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion¹, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

6. For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied² kiss to share.

7. Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow³ oft the stubborn glebo⁴ has broke ;
 How jocund⁵ did they drive their team⁶ a-field !
 How bowed the woods bencath their sturdy strok⁷ !

8. Let not Ambition⁸ mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
 Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals⁹ of the poor.

9. The boast of heraldry¹⁰, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth o'er gave,
 Await alike the inevitable¹¹ hour :
 The paths of glory lead—but to the grave.

10. Nor you, ye Prond, impute to these the fault,
 If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies¹² raise,
 Where, through the long-drawn aisle¹³ and fretted vault¹⁴
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

1. Clarion, shrill note. [Lat. *clarus*, clear.]

2. Envied, covetted.

3. Furrow, ploughshare.

4. Glebe, soil; church-land. [Lat. *gleba*, soil.]

5. Jocund, cheerfully. [Lat. *jocus*, a joke.]

6. Team, two or more horses or other beasts of burdon harnessed together.

7. Ambition, ambitious men.

8. Annals, account of their lives. [Lat. *annus*, a year.]

9. Heraldry, the art of recording genealogies and blazoning arms or armorial ensigns.

10. Inevitable, unavoidable; that which must come to all.

11. Trophies, monuments.

12. Aisle, passage in a church. [Lat. *ala*, a wing.]

13. Fretted vault, ornamented arched roof.

11. Can storied urn¹ or animated dust
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
 Can Honour's voice provoke² the silent dust,
 Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death ?

12. Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant³ with celestial fire⁴ ;
 Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre⁵ :

13. But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll ;
 Chill Penury⁶ repressed⁷ their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul⁸.

14. Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air¹⁰.

15. Some village Hampden¹¹, that, with dauntless breast,
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
 Some mute inglorious Milton¹² hero may rest ;
 Some Cromwell¹³, guiltless of his country's blood.

1. Storied urn, a vessel holding the ashes of the dead and bearing an inscription of the dead person's history.

2. Animated, life-like.

3. Provoke, call forth. [Hero used in a good sense, Lat. *pro*, forth, and *voce*, I call.]

4. Pregnant, filled, [Lat. *pre*, before, and *genere*, to beget.]

5. Celestial fire, the divine spirit of poetry.

6. Living lyre, living power of music.

7. Penury, poverty. [Lat. *penuria*; Gr. *penomai*, to toil.]

8. Repressed, curbed; restrained.

9. Genial current, &c., the cheerful disposition natural to them.

10. Desert air, air of some obscure place.

11. Village Hampden, some villager as fearless in his small way as John Hampden, who resisted the payment of the illegal tax called "ship-money" levied by Charles I, 1637.

12. Mute inglorious Milton, some one endowed by Nature with the poetic faculty to the same extent as Milton, but obliged to remain mute and inglorious on account of want of learning.

13. Some Cromwell, &c., some one who would have distinguished himself in war as much as Cromwell, but who, not having the opportunity, died without staining his hands with the blood of his countrymen.

16. The applause of listening senates¹ to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes²,

17. Their lot³ forbade: nor circumscribed⁴ alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankinn⁵;

18. The struggling pangs of conscious Truth⁶ to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous⁷ shame,
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride⁸
 With incenso kindled at the Muse's flame⁹.

19. Far from the madding¹⁰ crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
 Along the cool sequestered¹¹ vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor¹² of their way.

20. Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth¹³ rhymes and shapeless sculpture
 Decked,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

1. Senates, senators; members of Parliament.

2. Read their history, &c., see from the beaming looks of the people how they were loved and respected.

3. Their lot forbade, their humble position did not permit.

4. Circumscribed, confined. [Lat. *circum*, around, and *scribo*, I write.]

5. Conscious truth, the truth of which they were conscious.

6. Ingenuous, frank; candid.

7. Luxury and pride, the

luxurious and the proud.

8. Incense kindled at the Muse's flame, poetic flattery.

9. Madding, excited; striving for gain.

10. Sequestered, retired; secluded. [Lat. *se*, apart, and *quaro*, I seek.]

11. Noiseless tenor, quiet, even course. [Lat. *tenco*, I hold.]

12. Uncouth, rough; awkward. [Literally, unknown; strange; from A.-S. *un*, and *cunnan*, to know.]

21. Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse¹,
 The place of fame and clegy supply;
 And many a holy text² around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist³ to die.

22. For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing, anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts⁴ of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

23. On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops⁵ the closing eye requires;
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

24. For thee, who, mindful of the unhonoured dead,
 Dost in theseo lines their artless tale relate;
 If chance⁶, by lonely Contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit⁷ shall inquire thy fate;

25. Happly⁸ some hoary-headed swain may say:—
 "Oft have we seen him⁹, at the peep of dawn,
 Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

26. "There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic¹⁰ roots so high,
 His listless length at noon tide would so stretch¹¹,
 And pore¹² upon the brook that bubbles¹³ by.

1. Unlettered muse, uneducated poet.

2. Holy text, lines from the Bible.

3. Moralist, moralizer.

4. Precincts, regions. [Lat. *pro*, and *cincto*, I gird, surround.]

5. Pious drops, tears shed by loving relatives and friends.

6. Chance, perchance; by chance.

7. Kindred spirit, some one of the same thoughtful disposition.

8. Happly, perhaps.

9. Him, i.e., the poet.

10. Fantastic, irregular; turned and twisted. [Literally, *fanciful*.]

11. Stretch his listless length, lie listlessly.

12. Pore, gaze earnestly.

13. Bubbles, makes unmeaning sounds.

27. "Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Muttering his wayward fancies¹, he would rove;
 Now drooping, woeful, wan², like one forlorn,
 Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

28. "One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill,
 Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
 Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn nor at the wood, was he:

29. "The next, with dirges³ due, in sad array,
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him
 borne:
 Approach and read—for thou canst read—the lay,
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn:

30. ("There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
 By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
 The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
 And little footsteps lightly print the ground.")

THE EPITAPH.⁴

31. Here rests his head, upon the lap of Earth,
 A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
 Fair Science⁵ frowned not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy marked him for her own.

32. Targo was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
 Heaven did a recompence as largely send:
 He gave to Misery all he had—a tear;
 He gained from Heaven—'twas all he wished—
 friend.

1. Wayward fancies, wandering and peevish thoughts.

2. Wan, pale; languid. [From *to wan*.]

3. Dirges, funeral songs.

4. Epitaph, inscription on a

tomb. {Gr. *epi*, upon; and *tapho* a tomb}

5. Science, knowledge; learning.

* Gray omitted this beautiful stanza from all the later edition

33. NO further seek his motives to avenge,
Or draw his frailties¹ from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)—
The bosom of his Father and his God.

Thomas Gray (1716—1771).

10.—THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.²

LET Observ³ation, with I exten⁴sive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru ;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life ;
5 Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with suares the clouded maze of fate⁵,
Where wavering man, betrayed by venturous pride
To tread the dreary paths without a guide,
As treacherous phantoms in the mist delude,
10 Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good :
How rarely Reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice ;
How nations sink, by darling schomes⁶ oppressed,
When Vengeance listens to the fool's request⁷ ;
15 Fate wings with every wish the afflictive dart,
Each gift of Nature, and each grace of Art ;
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows⁸,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows⁹ ;
Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful breath,
20 And restless fire precipitates on death !
But, scarce observ¹⁰, the knowing and the bold
Fall in the general massacre of gold ;

1. Frailties, weaknesses, failings
2. Maze of fate — Life is here
likened to a labyrinth.

3. Darling schemes.—Such as
the South Sea and Mississippi
schemes.

4. The fool's request, the
foolish prayor for wealth, &c.

5. With fatal heat, &c. Illus-
trated by the example of Charles
XII. of Sweden, lines 191—222.

6. With fatal sweetness, &c.
An allusion to the fate of Villiers,
Duke of Buckingham ; Harley,
Earl of Oxford ; Wentworth, Earl
of Strafford, and others.

* This poem is an imitation of
the Tenth Satire of the Latin poet
Juvenal. It was published in
1749, "the 12th year of Johnson's
London struggles."

Wide-wasting pest! that rages unconfined,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind.

25 For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws ;
Wealth heaped on wealth nor truth nor safety buys
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let history tell, where rival kings¹ command,

30 And dubious title shakes the madded² land,
When statutes³ glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord :
Low skulks the hind⁴ beneath the rage of power,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tower ;
35 Untouched his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Though Confiscation's vulturos hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.

Does envy seize thee? Crush the upbraiding joy⁵,
40 Increase his riches, and his peace destroy ;—
Now fears in dire vicissitude invade,
The rustling brake alarms, and quivering shade ;
Nor light nor darkness brings his pain relief,—
One shows the plunder, and one hides the thief.
45 Yet still one general cry the skies assails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted galos ;
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
The insidious rival and the gaping⁶ heir.

Once more, Democritus⁷, arise on earth,
50 With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth ;

1. Rival kings —This refers to the invasion of the Pretender Charles and the proclamation of James VIII. as king of England after the success of the rebels at Preston Pans in 1745.

2. Madded, maddened.

3. Statutes, Acts of Attainder

4. Hind, a farm servant ; a boor.

5. Upbraiding joy, the joy
which as it were reproaches thee.

6. Gaping, waiting eagerly for
the succession.

7. Democritus, the "laughing philosopher," lived in the 5th century, B.C. He always looked at the bright side of things. Heraclitus, "the weeping philosopher," flourished in the same century. He believed in fate and maintained that the world was made of fire.

See motley¹ life in modern trappings dressed,
 And feed with varied fools the eternal jest :
 Thou who couldst laugh where want enchain'd
 caprice,
 Toil crushed conceit, and man was of a piece ;
 55 Where wealth, unloved, without a mourner died,
 And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride ;
 Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
 Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state ;
 Where change of favourites made no change of laws ;
 60 And senates heard before thou judged a cause :
 How wouldest thou shako at Britain's modish² tribe,
 Dart the quick taunt, and edge³ the piercing gibe⁴ !
 Attentive truth and nature to despise,
 And pierce each scene with philosophic eye !
 65 To thee were solemn toys or empty show
 The robes of pleasure and the voils of woo :
 All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
 Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.
 Such was the scorn that filled the sage's mind,
 70 Renewed at every glance on humankind ;
 How just that scorn ore yet thy voice declare,
 Search every state⁵, and canvass every prayer.
 Unnumbered suppliants crowd Preferment's gate,
 Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great ;
 75 Delusive Fortune hears the incessant call,
 They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
 On every stage the foes of peace attend ;
 Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end ;
 Love ends with hope ; the sinking statesman's⁶ door
 80 Pours in the morning worshipper no more ;
 For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
 To growing wealth the dicator flies ;

1. Motley, diversified ; parti-coloured like a fool's coat.
 2. Modish, fashionable.
 3. Edge, sharpen.
 4. Gibe, reproach ; taunt.

5. State, condition of life.
 6. Like thy rocket.
 7. Sinking statesman. An allusion to the fall of Mr. Robert Walpole in 1742.

From every room descends the painted face¹,
That hung the bright palladium² of the place,

85 And, smoked in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold ;
For now no more we trace in every line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine :
The form distorted justifies the fall,
90 And detestation rids the indignant wall.

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foes' doom, or guard her favourites' zeal ?
Through Freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings
Degrading nobles, and controlling kings ;

95 Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes ;
With weekly libels³ and septennial ale⁴,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey⁵ stand,

100 Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand !
To him the church, the realm, their powers consign
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine ;
Turned by his nod the stream of honour flows,
His smile alone security bestows :

105 Still to new heights his restless wishes tower,
Claim leads to claim, and power advances power ;
Till conquest unresisted ceased to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize.

At length his sovereign frowns ;—the train of state
110 Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate ;
Where'er he turns, he meets a stranger's eye ;
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly ;

1. Painted face, portrait.

2. Palladium, a tutelary image. [From *Pallas Athene* (Minerva), on the preservation of whose statue the safety of Troy was said to have depended.]

3. Weekly libels, libels published in the weekly political

journals.

4. Septennial ale, strong ale brewed specially for the septennial elections. The act for septennial parliaments was passed in 1711.

5. Wolsey, Cardinal Wolsey (1471—1580).

Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
 The golden canopy, the glittering plate,
 115 The regal palace¹, the luxurious board,
 The liveried army², and the menial lord³.
 With age, with cares, with maladies oppressed,
 He seeks the refuge of monastic rest ;
 Grief aids disease, remembered folly stings,
 120 And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.
 Speak thou⁴, whose thoughts at humble peace
 repine,—
 Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end, be thine ?
 Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
 The wisest justice on the banks of Trent ?
 125 For why did Wolsey, near the steepes of Fate,
 On weak foundations raise the enormous weight ?
 Why, but to sink beneath Misfortune's blow,
 With louder ruin, to the gulfs below !
 What gave great Villiers⁵ to the assassin's knife,
 130 And fixed disease on Harley's⁶ closing life ?
 What murdered Wentworth⁷, and what exiled Hyde⁸,
 By kings protected, and to kings allied ?
 What but their wish indulged in courts to shine,
 And power too great to keep or to resign !
 135 When first the college-rolls receive his name,
 The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame ;
 Resistless burns the fever of renown,
 Caught from the strong contagion of the gown :

1. The regal palace, the palace of Hampton Court.

2. Liveried army, multitudo of followers wearing his livery.

3. Menial lord.—Several young men of noble families served Wolsey as pages. [“Menial” comes from O. Fr. *mesnie*, family, household, or servants.]

4. Speak thou.—This is an apostrophe to some friend living near Lichfield, the birth-place of Dr. Johnson.

5. Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the favourite of Charles I. He was assassinated by Felton in 1628.

6. Harley, Earl of Oxford, minister of Queen Anne. He died in 1724 after an illness lasting for two years.

7. Wentworth, Earl of Stafford, beheaded in 1641.

8. Hyde, Lord Charneton, banished in 1607. His daughter was married to James II.

O'er Bodley's dome¹ his future labours spread,
 140 And Bacon's mansion² trembles o'er his head.
 Are these thy views ? Proceed, illustrious youth,
 And Virtuo guard theo to the throne of Truth !
 Yet, should thy soul indulge the generous heat,
 Till captivo Science yields her last retreat ;
 145 Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
 And pour on misty Doubt resistless day ;
 Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
 Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright ;
 Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
 150 And Sloth effuso her opiate fumes in vain ;
 Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal darts,
 Nor claim the triumph of a lettered heart ;
 Should no Disease thy torpid veins invado,
 Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade ;
 155 Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
 Nor think the doom of man reversed for thee :
 Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
 And pause awhile from learning, to be wise ;
 There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,—
 160 Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail³ !
 See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
 To buried merit raise the tardy bust⁴.
 If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
 Hear Lydiat's⁵ life, and Galileo's⁶ end.

1. Bodley's dome, the Oxford University Library, restored by Sir Thomas Bodley in 1597. Bodley died in 1612.

2. Bacon's mansion.—"Friar Bacon's tower, which formerly stood on the bridge over the Isis at Oxford. The legend went that it would fall whenever a greater man than Bacon should pass under it."

3. The jail.—Johnson, Goldsmith, Thomson, and several other great authors had to undergo im-

prisonment for debt.

4. The tardy bust.—Milton was not honoured with a bust till 1737.

5. Lydiat, Thomas Lydiat (1572-1640), Fellow of New College, Oxford, and Rector of Okerton, near Banbury. Though a man of varied learning, he died in great poverty.

6. Galileo (1564-1642), a distinguished Italian astronomer, who became blind in his old age and died of a lingering malady.

165 Nor deem, when Learning her last prize¹ bestows,
 The glittering eminence exempt from foes :
 See, when the vulgar 'scape, despised or awed,
 Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud² !
 From meaner minds though smaller fines content,

170 The plundered palace or sequestered rent,
 Marked out by dangerous parts he meets tho shock,
 And fatal Learning leads him to the block :
 Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
 But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.

175 The festal blazos, the triumphal show,
 The ravished standard, and the captivo foo,
 The Senate's thanks, tho Gazette's³ pompous tale,
 With force resistless o'er the bravo prevail.
 Such bribes tho rapid Greek⁴ o'er Asia whirled ;

180 For such the steady Romans shook the world ;
 For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
 And stain with blood⁵ the Danubo or the Rhine :
 This power has praise, that virtuo scarco can warm,
 Till fame supplies the universal charm.

185 Yet Reason frowns ou War's unequal game,
 Where wasted nations raise a single name,
 And mortgaged states their grandsires' wreaths regret,
 From age to ago in everlasting debt ;
 Wreaths which at last tho dear-bought right convey

190 To rust on medals, or on stones decay.
 On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
 How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide :
 A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
 No dangers fright him, and no labours tire ;

1. The last prize, *i.e.*, the primacy of England.

2. Laud, William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury. On the breaking out of the Revolution his palace was attacked by the mob. He was sent to the Tower in 1640 and beheaded in 1645.

3. The Gazette.—Tho "London Gazette" was first published, Aug. 22, 1642.

4. The rapid Greek, Alexander the Great (B.C. 356—323).

5. Stain with blood.—An allusion to the campaigns in Germany, 1742—1747.

195 O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
 Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain ;
 No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,—
 War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field ;
 Behold surrounding kings their powers combine,
 200 And one capitulate¹, and one resign² :
 Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain
 “ Think nothing gained,” he cries, “ till naught re
 On Moscow's walls till Gothic³ standards fly, [main.
 And all be mine beneath the polar sky.”

205 The march begins in military state,
 And nations on his eye suspended wait ;
 Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
 And Winter barricades the realms of Frost :
 He comes ; nor want nor cold his course delay ;—
 210 Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's⁴ day :
 The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
 And shows his miseries in distant lands⁵ ;
 Condemned a needy suppliant to wait,
 While ladies interpose and slaves debate.

215 But did not Chance at length her error mend ?
 Did no subverted empire mark his end ?
 Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound ?
 Or hostile millions press him to the ground ?
 His fall was destined to a barren strand,

220 A. petty fortress⁶, and a dubious hand ;
 He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
 To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

1. One capitulate, the king of Denmark, who sued for peace in 1700.

2. One resign, the king of Poland, dethroned in 1701.

3. Gothic, Swedish.

4. Pultowa.—At the battle of Pultowa the Swedes under Charles were completely defeated by Peter the Great, Czar of Russia, 8th July, 1709.

5. In distant lands.—Charles XII. escaped to Bender in Turkey, where he remained till 1714, dependent on the hospitality of Achmet III.

6. A petty fortress.—On his return to Sweden, Charles collected a large army and invaded Norway in 1710 and again in 1718, in which year he was killed by a cannon-shot, while besieging Fredrikshall.

From Persia's tyrant¹ to Bavaria's lord².

225 In gay hostility and barbarous pride,
With half mankind embattled at his side,
Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
And starves exhausted regions in his way³.
Attendant Flattery counts his myriads o'er,

230 Till counted myriads soothe his pride no more ;
Fresh praise is tried, till madness fires his mind,—
Tho waves he lashes, and enchains the wind⁴ ;
New powers are claimed, new powers are still bestowed,
Till rude resistance lops the spreading god ;

235 The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe ;
The insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,
A single skiff to speed his flight remains ;
The encumbered oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast

240 Through purple billows and a floating host.
The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
Tries the dread summits of Caesarean⁵ power,
With unexpected legions⁶ bursts away,
And sees defenceless realms⁷ receive his sway :

1. Persia's tyrant, Xerxes, the son of Darius Hystaspes. He reconquered Egypt and then invaded Greece with a vast military and naval force, 480 B. C. His troops were repeatedly repulsed by the Spartans under Leonidas at a narrow pass called Thermopylae, and his mighty naval armament was defeated and destroyed at Salamis by the Athenian fleet under Themistocles.

2. Bavaria's lord, Charles Albert, Elector of Bavaria, who, on the death of the Emperor Charles VI., laid claim to the imperial crown of Germany.

3. And starves, &c.—The cost of feeding the immense host of

Xerxes brought many cities to the brink of ruin.

4. The waves he lashes, &c. Xerxes is charged with this folly by the Greek historians.

Compare :—

“ And scourged with many a stroko the indignant wavos.”—Milton.

5. Caesarean, imperial. [From Julius Caesar, who founded the imperial power at Rome.]

6. Unexpected legions, the troops sent by France and Spain to assist the Pretender.

7. Defenceless realms, &c.—He was crowned king of Bohemia in 1711, and then elected emperor at Frankfort.

245 Short sway!—fair Austria¹ spreads her mournful charms,
 The Queen, the Beauty, sets the world in arms;
 From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze
 Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise;
 The fierce Croatian and the wild Hussar²,

250 With all the sons of ravage, crowd the war:
 The baffled prince, in honour's flattering bloom
 Of hasty greatness, finds the fatal doom,
 His foes' derision and his subjects' blame,
 And steals to death³ from anguish and from shame.

255 'Enlargo my life with multitudo of days!'
 In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays;
 Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know
 That life protracted is protracted woe.
 Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,

260 And shuts up all the passages of joy⁴:
 In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
 The fruit autumnal and the vernal flower;
 With listless eyes the dotard⁵ views the store—
 He views, and wonders that they please no more.

265 Now pall⁶ the tasteless meats and joyless wines,
 And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.

1. Fair Austria, the beautiful Maria Theresa, Archduchess of Austria, queen of Hungary and Bohemia, and empress of Germany. Her cause was taken up with great enthusiasm by the Hungarian nobles. They took the field at the head of the Croats, the Pandours, and the Hussars. England supplied the young archduchess with money and troops, and she was crowned Queen of Bohemia in 1743. In June of the same year King George II. of England, and his son the Duke of Cumberland, in person gained a great victory at Dettingen. The king of Sardinia also declared

himself for Maria Theresa, and by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle she was secured in all her rights (after eight years of war), 1748. Her husband, François Stephen of Lorraine, ruled with her as Emperor Francis I. till his death in 1765.

2. Hussars, the light Hungarian cavalry. This name was adopted afterwards into the British army.

3. Steals to death—Charles Albert, neglected by his allies, died broken-hearted at Munich in 1745.

4. Passages of joy, the seasons.

5. Dotard, one whose intellect is impaired by old age.

6. Pall, become insipid.

Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
Diffuse the tuneful lenitives¹ of pain :

No sounds, alas ! would touch the impervious² ear,

270 Though dancing mountains witnessed Orpheus³ near,
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble powers attend,
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend ;
But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave, or positively⁴ wrong.

275 The still returning tale and lingering jest

Porplex the fawning niece and pampered guest,
While growing hopes scarce awe the gathering sneer,
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear ;

The watchful guests still hint the last offence,

280 The daughter's potulence, the son's expense,
Improve⁵ his heady⁶ rage with treacherous skill,
And mould his passions till they make his will.

Unnumbered maladies his joints invade,

Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade ;

285 But unextinguished Avarice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains :
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt⁷ and mortgages of lands ;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,

290 Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temperate prime

Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime ;

An age that melts with unperceived decay,

And glides in modest innocence away ;

295 Whose peaceful day Benevolence endears,

Whose night congratulating Conscience cheers ;

1. Lenitives, things that have the quality of easing pain. [Lat. *lenio*, I soften.]

2. Impervious, not admitting entrance ; deaf. [Lat. *im*, not, *per*, through, and *ria*, a way.]

3. Orpheus, a mythical Greek poet, who is said to have enchanted even the trees and rocks of

Olympus to follow the sound of his golden lyre.

4. Positively, dogmatically.

5. Improve, foment ; increase.

6. Heady, rash ; hasty ; ungovernable.

7. Bonds of debt, securities for debts due to him.

The general favourite as the general friend;
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end ?

300 Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings;
Now sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred Merit fills the sablo bier,
Now lacerated¹ Friendship claims a tear.

305 Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from withering life away;
New forms² arise, and different views engage,
Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,
Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
310 And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the gulfs of Fate.
From Lydia's monarch³ should the search descend,
By Solon cautioned to regard his end,

315 In life's last scene what prodigies surprise—
Fears of the brave and follies of the wise !
From Marlborough's⁴ eyes the streams of dotage flow
And Swift⁵ expires a driveller and a show.

The teeming mother, auxions for her race,
320 Begs for each birth the fortune of a face.

1. Lacerated, torn asunder.
[Lat. *lacero*, I tear.]

2. Forms, modes of life.

3. Lydia's monarch, Croesus, the richest monarch of antiquity. He showed his treasures to Solon and asked him to name the happiest man he had ever seen. Solon replied that no man should be considered happy till he had finished his life in a happy way. Croesus, who expected himself to be called the happiest man, was disengaged with this answer, but when his country was conquered by Cyrus, king of Persia, and he himself condemned to be burnt

to death, he remembered the warning of the philosopher and thrice called on the name of Solon. When Cyrus learned the story, he ordered Croesus to be released, and afterwards became one of his most intimate friends.

4. Descend, come down to our times.

5. Marlborough, John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, victor of Blenheim (1704), Ramilles (1706), Oudenarde (1708), and Malplaquet (1709). Born, 1650; died, 1722.

6. Swift, Jonathan Swift, satirist and political writer. Born 1667; died, 1745.

Yet Vane¹ could tell what ills from beauty spring,
 And Sedley² cursed the form that pleased a king.
 Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
 Whom Pleasure keeps too busy to be wise,

325 Whom joys with soft varieties invite,—
 By day the frolic, and the dance by night;
 Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
 And ask the latest fashion of the heart;
 What care, what rules your heedless charms shall save,

330 Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave?
 Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
 The rival batters, and the lover mines.
 With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,
 Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls;

335 Tired with contempt, she quits the slippery reign,
 And Pride and Prudence take her seat in vain.
 In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,
 The harmless freedom and the private friend:
 The guardians yield, by force superior plied,—

340 To Interest, Prudence; and to Flattery, Pride.
 Here Beauty falls, betrayed, despised, distressed,
 And hissing Infamy proclaims the rost.
 Where then shall Hope and Fear their objects find?
 Must dull Suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?

345 Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate³,
 Roll darkling⁴ down the torrent of his fate?
 Must no dislike alarm, no wishes riso,
 No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?—
 Inquirer, cease! petitions yet remain,

350 Which Heaven may hear; nor deem Religion vain.
 Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
 But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice;

1. Vane, Anne Vane (called by Swift *Vanella*), mistress of Frederick Prince of Wales, died 1781.

2. Sedley.—Catherine Sedley, daughter of Sir Charles Sedley, was one of the mistresses of James

II., who made her countess of Dorchester.

3. Sedate, quiet; composed.
 [Lat. *sedeo*, I sit.]

4. Darkling, in the dark; in ignorance,

Safe in His power, whose eyes discern afar
 The secret ambush¹ of a specious² prayer.

355 Implore His aid, in His decisions rest,
 Secure, whate'er He gives, He gives the best,
 Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
 And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
 Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,

360 Obedient passions, and a will resigned ;
 For love, which scarce collective man³ can fill ;
 For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill ;
 For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
 Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat:

365 These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain,
 These goods He grants, who grants the power to gain ;
 With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
 And makes the happiness she does not find.

Samuel Johnson (1709—1784).

II.—THE TASK*.

BOOK I.

THE SOFA.

THE ARGUMENT.

Historical deduction of seats, from the stool to the Sofa, 1—A schoolboy's ramble, 109—A walk in the country, 140—The scene described, 159—Rural sounds as well as sights delightful, 181—Another walk, 210—Mistake concerning the charms of solitude corrected, 233—Colonnades commended, 252—Alcove, and the view from it, 278—The wilderness, 350—The grove, 354—The thresher, 356—The necessity

1. Secret ambush, hidden dangers.
2. Specious, plausible; seemingly sincere.
3. Collective man, mankind in general.
4. Sovereign o'er transmuted ill, *i.e.*, able to overcome evil and turn it into good.

* A medley, consisting of six books. "The history of the pro-

duction is this:—A lady, fond of blank verse, demanded a poem of that kind from the Author, and gave him the *Sofa* for a subject. He obeyed; and having much leisure, connected another subject with it; and pursuing the train of thought to which his situation and turn of mind led him, brought forth at length, instead of the trifle which he at first intended, a serious affair—a Volume."

and the benefits of exercise, 367—The works of nature superior to, and in many instances imitable by, art, 409—The wearisomeness of what is commonly called a life of pleasure, 402—Change of scene sometimes expedient, 506—A common described, and the character of Crazy Kate introduced, 526—Gipsies, 557—The blessings of a civilized life, 592—The state most favourable to virtue, 600—The South Sea islanders compassionate, but chiefly Omai, 620—His present state of mind supposed, 654—Civilized life friendly to virtue, but not great cities, 678—Great cities, and London in particular, allowed their due praise, but censured, 693—Fête champêtre, 739—The book concludes with a reflection on the fatal effects of dissipation and effeminity upon our public measures, 749.

I SING | the SOFA. I' | who latolly sang
 Truth, Hope, and Charity¹, and touched with awe²,
 The solemn chords, and with a trembling hand,
 Escaped³ with pain from that adventurous flight⁴,
 5 Now seek repose upon a humbler theme;
 The theme though humble, yet august and proud
 The occasion—for the Fair⁵ commands the song.
 Time was, when clothing, sumptuous or for use⁶,
 Save their own painted skins⁷, our sires had none.
 10 As yet black breeches were not; satin smooth,
 Or velvet soft, or plush⁸ with shaggy pile⁹:
 The hardy chief upon the rugged rock
 Washed by the sea, or on the gravelly bank
 Thrown up by wintry torrents roaring loud,
 15 Fearless of wrong, reposed his weary strength.
 Those barbarous ages past, succeeded next
 The birth-day of invention; weak at first,
 Dull in design, and clumsy to perform¹⁰.

1. Truth, Hope, and Charity, three didactic poems published by Cowper a few years before *The Task*.

2. Touched the chords.—The poet likens himself to a player on a harp or a lyre.

3. Escaped, having escaped.

4. Adventurous flight, bold undertaking.

5. The Fair, Lady Austin.

6. For use, useful.

7. Save their own painted skins, except the paint on their skins.

8. Plush, a fabric with a sort of velvet nap or shag on one side.

9. Pile, nap. [Lat. *pilus*, hair.]

10. To perform, in performing.

Joint-stools were then created¹ ; on three legs
 20 Upborne they stood—three legs upholding firm
 A massy slab, in fashion square or round².
 On such a stool immortal Alfred³ sat,
 And swayed the sceptre of his infant realms ;
 And such in ancient halls and mansions drear
 25 May still be seen ; but perforated⁴ sore
 And drilled in holes the solid oak is found,
 By worms voracious eating through and through.
 At length a generation more refined
 Improved the simple plan ; made three legs four,
 30 Gave them a twisted form vermicular⁵,
 And o'er⁶ the seat, with plenteous wadding stuffed⁷,
 Induced⁸ a splendid cover, green and blue,
 Yellow and red, of tapestry⁹ richly wrought
 And woven close, or needle-work sublime¹⁰.
 35 There might ye see the peony¹¹ spread wide,
 Tho full-blown rose, the shepherd and his lass¹²,
 Lap-dog and lambkin with black staring eyes,
 And parrots with twin cherries¹³ in their beak.
 Now came the cane from India, smooth and bright

1. Created.—A pompous word that suits the mock heroic character of the poem.

2. In fashion square or round, square or circular in shape.

3. Alfred, Alfred the Great, King of England (871-901).

4. Perforated, the same as "drilled in holes". [Lat. *per*, through, and *foro*, I bore.]

5. Vermicular, spiral. [Lat. *vermis*, a worm.]

6. "O'er" shows relation between "induced" and "seat."

7. "Stuffed," a past participle, agreeing with "seat".

8. Induced, put; drew. [Lat. *in*, and *duco*, I draw.]

9. Of tapestry—Attrib. to "cover". ["Tapestry," from Fr. *tapis*, a carpet, is a fabric

made of wool and silk, representing figures of men, animals, landscapes, &c.]

10. Needle-work sublime, of sublime needle-work—Attrib. to "cover." ["*Sublimo*," from Lat. *sub* and *limo*, I lift up, is used in the literal sense of 'raised.]

11. Peony or piony, the name of a plant and flower. [Gr. *paeon*, Apollo, who is said to have used this flower to cure the wounds of the gods.]

12. Lass, a female sweet-heart. [Contr. of *lasso*, old fem. of *lad*.]

13. Twin cherries, two cherries growing on one and the same stem. ["Twin" from A. S. *twi*, two; "cherry" from *Cerasus*, a town in Pontus, Asia Minor.]

40 With Nature's varnish ; severed¹ into stripes
 That interlaced each other, these supplied,
 Of texture firm, a lattico-work, that braced
 The new machine, and it became a chair.
 But restless² was the chair ; the back erect
 45 Distressed the weary loins that felt no ease ;
 The slippery seat betrayed³ the sliding part
 That pressed it, and the feet hung dangling down,
 Anxious in vain to find the distant floor.
 These for the rich : the rest, whom Fate had placed
 50 In modest mediocrity⁴, content
 With base materials, sat on woll-tanned hides,
 Obdurate⁵ and unyielding, glassy smooth,
 With here and there a tuft of crimson yarn
 Or scarlet crewel⁶, in the cushion fixed :
 55 If cushion might be called, what harder seemed
 Than the firm oak of which the frame was formed.
 No want of timber then was felt or feared
 In Albion's⁷ happy isle. The lumber⁸ stood
 Ponderous⁹, and fixed by its own massy weight.
 60 But elbows still were wanting ; these, some say,
 An Alderman¹⁰ of Cripplegate¹¹ contrived,

1. **Severed**, being sovered or divided into strips. [Lat. *separare*, to separate.]

2. **Restless**, affording no rest.

3. **Betrayed**, proved treacherous to. [Prefix *be*, and Lat. *trudo*, I deliver].

4. **Mediocrity**, a middle state between wealth and poverty.

5. **Obdurate**, unbending. [Lat. *ob*, and *durus*, hard.]

6. **Crewel**, thread of silk or wool used in embroidery and fancy-work. [Diminutive of *clew*, a ball of thread.]

7. **Albion**, an ancient name of Britain. [From Lat. *albus*, white, referring to the white cliffs of the south-coast, or from *Albion*, a

mythological king of Britain.]

8. **Lumber**, anything heavy and clumsy ; anything stowed away as useless. [From *Lombard*, a lumber-room, where the Lombard pawnbrokers stored their unredeemed pledges.]

9. **Ponderous**, very heavy. [Lat. *pondus*, weight.]

10. **Alderman**, a magistrate or officer of a town—next in rank to the mayor. [From *elder* and *man*.]

11. **Cripplegate**, a district of London. [One of the City gates was so called on account of the large number of cripples that crowded near it to solicit alms from the passers-by.]

And some ascribe the invention to a priest,
Burly and big, and studious of his ease.
But, rude at first, and not with easy slope
65 Receding wide, they pressed against the ribs,
And bruised the side ; and, elevated high,
Taught the raised shoulders to invade the ears.
Long time elapsed or¹ e'er our rugged sires
Complained, though incommodiously pent in,
70 And ill at ease behind. The ladies first
'gan murmur, as became the softer sex.
Ingenious Fancy, never botter pleased
Than when employed to accommodate the fair,
Heard the sweet moan with pity, and devised
75 The soft settee ; one elbow at each end,
And in the midst an elbow, it received,
United yet divided, twain at once².
So sit two kings of Brentford³ on one throne ;
And so two citizens, who take the air,
80 Close packed, and smiling, in a chaise and one.
But relaxation of the languid frame,
By soft recumbency of outstretched limbs,
Was bliss reserved for happier days ;—so slow
The growth of what is excellont; so hard
85 To attain perfection in this nether world.
Thus first Necessity invented stools,
Convenience next suggested elbow-chairs,
And Luxury the accomplished Sofa last.
The nurse sleeps sweetly, hired to watch the sick
90 Whom snoring she disturbs. As sweetly he
Who quits the coachbox at the midnight hour
To sleep within the carriage more secure,

1. Or, before. [A.-S. aer, before.]

2. Twain at once, two in one.

3. Two kings of Brentford, two characters in a farce called *The Rehearsal*, written by George

Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, with the assistance of Butler, Sprat, and others. The two kings are represented as walking hand in hand and living on terms of the greatest intimacy. Brentford is a market-town in Middlesex.

His legs depending at the open door.
 Sweet sleep enjoys the curate in his desk,
 95 The tedious rector drawling o'er his head;
 And sweet the clerk below. But neither sleep
 Of lazy nurse, who snores tho sick man dead,
 Nor his who quits the box at midnight hour
 To slumber in the carriago more secure,
 100 Nor sleep enjoyed by curate in his desk,
 Nor yet the dozings of the clerk, are sweet,
 Compared with the repose the SOFA yields.
 O may I live exempted (while I live
 Guiltless of pampered appetite obscene)
 105 From pangs arthritic¹ that infest² the toe
 Of libertino Excess ! The SOFA suits
 The gouty³ limb, 'tis true; but gouty limb,
 Though on a SOFA, may I never feel:
 For I havo loved the rural walk through lanes
 110 Of grassy swarth⁴, close cropped by nibbling sheep,
 And skirted thick with intertexture⁵ firm
 Of thorny boughs; have loved the rural walk
 O'er hills, through valleys, and by river's brink,
 E'er since, a truant boy, I passed my bounds,
 115 To enjoy a ramble on the banks of Thames.
 And still remember, nor without regret
 Of hours that sorrow since has much endeared,
 How oft, my slice of pocket store consumed,
 Still hungering, penniless, and far from home,
 120 I fed on scarlet hips⁶ and stony haws⁷,
 Or blushing crabs⁸, or berries⁹ that emboss¹⁰

1. Pangs arthritic, pains of the gout. [Gr. *arthron*, a joint.]

2. Infest, attack; trouble greatly. [Lat. *infestus*, hostile.]

3. Gouty, affected with the gout. [Lat. *gutta*, a drop.]

4. Swarth, swath; sward; a line of grass.

5. Intertexture, what is interwoven. [Lat. *inter*, between, and *texo*, I weave.]

6. Hips, the berries of the wild-brier.

7. Haws, the berries of the hawthorn.

8. Blushing crabs, ripe wild apples.

9. Berries black as jet, black berries, the fruit of the bramble.

10. Emboss, adorn with their bunches.

The bramble, black as jet, or sloes¹ austere².
 Hard fare! but such as boyish appetito
 Disdains not, nor tho' palato, undepraved
 125 By culinary³ arts, unsavoury deems.
 No Sofa then awaited my return,
 Nor Sofa then I needed. Youth repairs
 His wasted spirits quickly, by long toil
 Incurring short fatigue; and—though our years,
 130 As life declines, speed rapidly away,
 And not a year but pilfers⁴, as he goes,
 Some youthful grace that ago would gladly keep,
 A tooth or auburn lock, and by degrees
 Their length and colour from the locks they spare,—
 135 The elastic spring of an unwearyed foot,
 That mounts the stile with ease, or leaps the fence,
 That play of lungs, inhaling and again
 Respiring freely the fresh air, that makes
 Swift pace or steep ascent no toil to me,
 140 Mine have not pilfered yet; nor yet impaired
 My relish of fair prospect; scenes that soothed
 Or charmed me young, no longer young, I find
 Still soothing and of power to charm me still.
 And witness, dear companion⁵ of my walks,
 145 Whose arm this twentieth winter I perceive
 Fast locked in mine, with pleasure such as love,
 Confirmed by long experience of thy worth
 And well-tried virtuos, could alone inspire—
 Witness a joy that thou hast doubled long.
 150 Thou know'st my praise of Nature most sincere,
 And that my raptures are not conjured up
 To serve occasions of poetic pomp,

1. Sloes, wild plums.

2. Austere, sour. [Lat. *auster*, the dry south-wind.]

3. Culinary, pertaining to cooking. [Lat. *culina*, a kitchen.]

4. But pilfers, which does not steal. ["But" is here a negative

relative pronoun.]

5. Dear companion, Mrs. Unwin, in whose house the poet was a boarder and inmate from 1765 to 1796 in which year she died. Her husband, the Rev. Mr. Unwin, died in 1767.

But genuine, and art partner of them all.
 How oft, upon yon eminence¹, our pace
 155 Has slackened to a pause, and we have borne
 The ruffling wind, scarce conscious that it blew;
 While Admiration, feeding at the eye,
 And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene.
 Thence with what pleasure have we just discerned
 160 The distant plough slow-moving, and, beside²
 His labouring team that swerved not from the track,
 The sturdy swain diminished to a boy!
 Here Ouse³, slow-winding through a level plain
 Of spacious meads, with cattle sprinkled o'er,
 165 Conducts the eye along his sinuous⁴ course
 Delighted. There, fast rooted in their bank,
 Stand, never overlooked, our favourite elms,
 That screen the herdsman's solitary hut;
 While far beyond, and overthwart⁵ the stream,
 170 That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale,
 The sloping land recedes into the clouds;
 Displaying, on its varied side, the grace
 Of hedge-row beauties⁶ numberless, square tower,

1. "From the town of Olney, westward, over three fields, the ascent is gradual to the eminence referred to by the poet in these lines. From this elevation is seen a prospect extensive in every direction but the north, which is bounded by a quick hedge, on rising ground. To the eastward is Steventon, in Bedfordshire; further east stands the 'square tower' of Clifton Church, and ranging still eastward, the prospect is bounded by Clifton Wood; till due east, is seen the 'tall spire' of Olney Church, and a considerable part of the town. To the southward is the pleasant village of Emberton, on the right of which appears, when the weather is clear, Bowbrick-hill,

the church on its summit, at the distance of nearly fourteen miles due south, in an extensive valley, appear the devious windings of the river Ouse, whose mazy and deceptive course assumes the semblance of various streams. The meadows are likewise intersected by dikes, but for the purpose of draining floods, which give the land, even in times of drought, a delightful verdure."

2. Beside, by the side of.

3. Ouse, the Great Ouse.

4. Sinuous, winding. [Lat. *sinus*, a curve.]

5. Overthwart, over across; opposite.

6. Hedge-row beauties, the wild flowers growing in the hedges of the fields.

Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
 175 Just undulates¹ upon the listening ear ;
 Groves, heaths, and smoking villages, remote.
 Scenes must be beautiful, which, daily viewed,
 Please daily, and whose novelty survives
 Long knowledge and the scrutiny² of years—
 180 Praise justly due to those that I describe.
 Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds
 Exhilarate³ the spirit, and restore
 The tone of languid nature. Mighty winds
 That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
 185 Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
 The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,
 And lull the spirit whilo they fill the mind,
 Unnumbered branches waving in the blast,
 And all their leaves fast fluttering, all at once.
 190 Nor less composure waits upon the roar
 Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
 Of neighbouring fountain, or of rills that slip
 Through the cleft rock, and, chiming as they fall
 Upon looso pebbles, lose themselvos at length
 195 In matted grass, that with a livelier green
 Betrays the secret of their silent course.
 Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
 But animated Nature sweeter still,
 To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
 200 Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one⁴
 The livelong night ; nor these alone, whose notes
 Nice-fingered Art must emulate in vain,
 But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime⁵

1. Undulates, falls with a wavy-like motion. [Lat. *unda*, a wave.]

2. Scrutiny, careful examination. [Lat. *scrutor*, I search thoroughly.]

3. Exhilarate, cheer ; enliven ; gladden. [Lat. *ev*, and *hilaris*,

merry.]

4. One—"Cowper's ornithology was only poetical ; the nightingale has a rival in the black-cap."

5. Sublime, on high. [Lat. *sublimis*, high.]

In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
 205 The jay, the pie, and even the boding owl
 That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
 Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
 Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
 And only there, please highly for their sake.

210 Peace to the artist, whose ingenious thought
 Devised the weather-house¹, that useful toy²!
 Fearless of humid air and gathering rains,
 Forth steps the man—an emblem of myself!
 More delicate his timorous mate retires.

215 When Winter soaks the fields, and female feet,
 Too weak to struggle with tenacious clay,
 Or ford the rivulets, are bost at home,
 The task of new discoveries falls on me.
 At such a season, and with such a charge,

220 Once went I forth, and found, till then unknown,
 A cottage, whither oft wo since repair:
 'Tis perched upon the groen hill-top, but close
 Enviroued with a ring of branching olms
 That overhang the thatch, itself unseon

225 Peeps at the vale below; so thick beset
 With foliage of such dark redundant growth,
 I called the low-roofed lodge the *peasant's nest*³.
 And, hiddon as it is, and far remote
 From such unpleasing sounds as haunt the ear

230 In village or in town, the bay of ours
 Incessant, clinking hammers, grinding wheels,
 And infants clamorous whether pleased or pained,
 Oft have I wished the peaooful covert mine.
 Hero, I have said, at least I should possess

1. Weather-house, a barometrical toy-house with two figures in it—a man and a woman—suspended by means of a string. The expansion of this material in wet weather caused the man to come out and the

woman to go in, and its contraction in fair weather made the woman come out again.

2. Useful toy.—An oxymoron.

3. The peasant's nest.—"It stands about half a mile from Weston."

235 The poet's treasure, silence, and indulge
The dreams of fancy, tranquil and secure.
Vain thought ! the dweller in that still retreat
Dearly obtains the refuge it affords.
Its elevated site forbids the wretch

240 To drink sweet waters of the crystal well ;
He dips his bowl into the weedy ditch,
And, heavy laden, brings his beverage home,
Far fetched and little worth ; nor seldom waits,
Dependent on the baker's punctual call,

245 To bear his creaking panniers¹ at the door,
Angry and sad, and his last crust consumed.
So farewell envy of the peasant's nest !
If Solitude make scant the means of life,
Society for me² ! Thou seeming sweet,

250 Be still a pleasing object in my view,
My visit still, but never mine abode.
Not distant far, a length of colonnado³
Invites us : monument of ancient taste,
Now scorned, but worthy of a better fate.

255 Our fathers knew the value of a screen
From sultry suns, and in their shaded walks,
And long protracted bowers, enjoyed at noon
The gloom and coolness of declining day.
We bear our shades about us ; self-deprived

260 Of other screen, the thin umbrella⁴ spread,
And range an Indian waste⁵ without a tree.
Thanks to Benevolus⁶—he spares me yet
These chestnuts ranged in corresponding lines,

1. Panniers, bread baskets.
[Lat. *panis*, bread.]

2. Society for me, i.e., I prefer society.

3. Colonnade, trees standing in opposite rows and forming a covered way. [Lat. *columna*, a column.]

4. Umbrella.—Objective by “spread,” the nominative of which

is “we.” [Lat. *umbra*, a shade.]

5. Indian waste, a waste like the prairies of America, the aborigines of which are called Red Indians. [See p. 289, note 4.]

6. Benevolus, a name coined for the benevolent Mr. John Courtney Throckmorton, of Weston Underwood [Lat. *bene*, well, and *volo*, I wish.]

And, though himself so polished, still reprievcs¹
 265 The obsolete² prolixity³ of shade.

Descending now (but cautious, lest too fast)
 A sudden steep, upon a rustic bridge⁴
 Wo pass a gulf in which the willows dip
 Their pendant boughs, stooping as if to drink.

270 Hence, ankle-deep in moss and flowery thyme⁵,
 Wo mount again, and feel at every step
 Our foot half sunk in hillocks green and soft,
 Raised by the molo, the miner of the soil.

He, not unlike the great ones of mankind,
 275 Disfigures Earth, and plotting in the dark,
 Toils much to earn a monumental pile,
 That may record the mischiefs ho has done.

The summit gained, behold the proud alcove⁶
 That crowns it ! yet not all its pride securos
 280 The grand retreat from injuries impressed
 By rural carvers, who with knives defaco
 The pauels, leaving an obscuro, rude name,
 In characters⁷ uncouth⁸, and spolt amiss.
 So strong the zeal to immortalize himself
 285 Beats in the breast of man, that even a few,
 Few transient years, won from the abyss abhorred
 Of blank oblivion, soon a glorious prize,
 And even to a clown⁹.—Now roves the eye,

1. Reprievcs, delays the destruction of. "To reprieve" literally means to delay for a time the execution of a criminal. [Lat. *re*, and *prob*, I prove, try.]

2. Obsolete, gone out of fashion. [Lat. *ob*, and *soleo*, I am accustomed.]

3. Prolixity, extension of length. [Rare in this sense. Lat. *prolixius*, extended.]

4. A rustic bridge.—"The bridge spanned a brook which after winding through the Park, crossed the road from Olney to

Northampton at a place called Ovors Brook."

5. Thyme (time), an aromatic plant.

6. Alcove.—"A graceful little structure of wood." [Ar. *al*, the, and *kubbeh*, a recess in a garden.]

7. Characters, letters. [Fr. *charasse*, I engrave.]

8. Uncouth, odd; awkward. [It formerly meant 'unknown,' from A.-S. *un*, not, and *cunnan*, to know.]

9. Clown, in unpolished rustic.

And, posted on this speculative¹ height,
 290 Exults in its command. The shoepfold hero
 Pours out its fleecy tenants o'er the glebe².
 At first, progressive as a stream, they seek
 The middle field³; but scattered by degrees,
 Each to his choice, soon whiten all the land.
 295 There, from the sunburnt hayfield homeward creeps
 The loaded wain, while lightened of its charge,
 The wain that meets it passes swiftly by—
 The boorish⁴ driver leaning o'er his team
 Vociferous⁵, and impatient of delay.
 300 Nor less attractive is the woodland scene,
 Diversified with trees of every growth⁶,
 Alike yet various⁷. Here the grey smooth trunks
 Of ash, or lime, or beech, distinctly shine,
 Within the twilight⁸ of their distant shades ;
 305 There⁹, lost behind a rising ground, the wood
 Seems sunk, and shortened to its topmost boughs.
 No tree in all the grove but¹⁰ has its charms,
 Though each its hue peculiar¹¹; paler some,
 And of a wannish grey ; the willow such,
 310 And poplar that with silver lines his leaf,
 And ash far-stretching his¹² umbrageous¹³ arm ;
 Of deeper green the elm ; and deeper still,

1. Speculative, commanding an extensive view. [Lat. *speculator*, I watch.]

2. Glebe, manor. [Lat. *gleba*, land.]

3. Middle field, the middle of the field. [A Latinism.]

4. Boorish, rustic ; rude.

5. Vociferous, clamorous. [Lat. *vox*, voice, and *fero*, I bear.]

6. Every growth, every kind of growth.

7. Alike yet various, *i.e.*, resembling one another in general appearance, but not all of the same kind.

8. Twilight, dim light.

9. Here—there, in one place, in another place.

10. But, a negative relative.

11. Peculiar, specially its own. [Lat. *peculium*, private property, from *pecu*, cattle, in which property originally consisted.]

12. "His" was formerly the possessive of "it," as well as of "he." The form "its" first came into use in the reign of James I. In the Bible it occurs only once, and it is seldom found in the works of Shakespeare. Milton also often uses "his" for "its."

13. Umbrageous, shady. [Lat. *umbra*, a shade.]

Lord of the woods, the long-surviving¹ oak.
 Some glossy-leaved and shining in the sun,—

315 The maple, and the beech of oily nuts²
 Prolific³, and the lime, at dewy eve
 Diffusing odours: nor unnoted pass
 The sycamore⁴, capricious⁵ in attire,
 Now green, now tawny, and, ere autumn yet
 320 Have changed the woods, in scarlet honours bright.
 O'er these, but far beyond (a spacious map⁶
 Of hill and valley interposed between),
 The Onse, dividing the well-watered land,
 Now glitters in the sun, and now retires,
 325 As bashful, yet impatient to be seen.
 Hence the declivity⁷ is sharp and short,
 And such the re-ascent; between them weeps
 A little Naiad⁸ her impoverished urn
 All summer long, which winter fills again.

330 The folded gates would bar my progress now,
 But that the lord of this enclosed demesne⁹,
 Communicative of the good he owns,
 Admits me¹⁰ to a share: the guiltless eye
 Commits no wrong, nor wastes what it enjoys.

335 Refreshing change! where now the blazing sun?
 By short transition we have lost his glare,
 And stepped at once into a cooler clime.
 Ye fallen avenues! once more I mourn
 Your fate unmerited, once more rejoice

1. Long-surviving.—The oak is said to live for two or three hundred years.

2. Oily nuts, beechmast.

3. Prolific, productive. [Lat. *proles*, offspring, and *facio*, I make.]

4. Sycamore, a kind of fig-tree. [Gr. *sykomorus*, the fig-mulberry, from *sykon*, a fig, and *moron*, the black mulberry.]

5. Capricious, changeable. [Generally applied to temper or humour. Lat. *caper*, a goat.]

6. Map, expanse.

7. Declivity, descent. [Opposed to acclivity. [Lat. *clivus*, a slope.]

8. Naiad.—The Naiad was a narrow channel to drain the hollow. [In mythology, a water-nymph. Gr. *nao*, I flow.]

9. Demesne, estate. [Lat. *dominus*, a lord.]

10. Admits me, &c.—Mr. John Throckmorton allowed Cowper to have the key of the grounds.

340 That yet a remnant of your race survives,
How airy and how light the graceful arch,
Yet awful as the consecrated roof¹
Re-echoing pious anthems ! while beneath,
The chequered² earth seems restless as a flood

345 Brushed by the wind. So sportive is the light
Shot through the boughs, it dances as they danc^e,
Shadow and sunshine intermingling quick,
And darkening and enlightening, as the leaves
Play wanton, every moment, every spot. [cheerful,

350 And now, with nerves new-braced and spirits
We tread the wilderness, whose well-rolled walks,
With curvature of slow and easy sweep,—
Deception innocent—give ample space
To narrow bounds. The grove receives us next ;

355 Between the upright shafts of whose tall elms
We may discern the thresher at his task.
Thump after thump, resounds the constant flail
That seems to swing uncertain, and yet falls
Full on the destined ear³. Wide flies the chaff,

360 The rustling straw sends up a frequent⁴ mist
Of atoms, sparkling in the noonday beam.
Come hither, ye that press your beds of down
And sleep not ; see him sweating o'er his bread
Before he eats it.—'Tis the primal curse⁵,

365 But softened into mercy; made the pledge
Of cheerful days, and nights without a groan.
By ceaseless action, all that is subsists.
Constant rotation of the unwearied wheel
That Nature rides upon, maintains her health,

370 Her beauty, her fertility. She dreads
An instant's pause, and lives but while she moves ;

1. Consecrated roof, church.
[Lat. *con*, and *sacer*, holy.]

2. Chequered, marked with
little squares (of shadow), like a
chess-board.

3. Ear, spike or head of corn or

grain.

4. Frequent, thick ; crowded.
[Lat. *frequens*, crowded.]

5. The primal curse.—See
Genesis iii.—"Cursed is the ground
for thy sake," &c.

Its own revolvency¹ upholds the world.

Winds from all quarters agitate the air,

And fit the limpid² element³ for use,

375 Else noxious⁴: oceans, rivers, lakes, and streams,
All feel the freshening impulse, and are cleansed
By restless undulation⁵. Ev'n the oak
Thrives by the rude concussion⁶ of the storm;
He seems indeed indignant, and to feel

380 The impression of the blast with proud disdain,
Frowning as if in his unconscious arm
He held the thunder⁷. But the monarch⁸ owes
His firm stability to what he scorns,
More fixed below, the more disturbed above.

385 The law by which all creatures else are bound,
Binds man, the lord of all. Himself⁹ derives
No mean advantage from a kindred cause,
From strenuous¹⁰ toil his hours of sweetest ease.
The sedentary¹¹ stretch their lazy length

390 When custom bids¹², but no refreshment find,
For none thou need: the languid eye, the cheek
Deserted of its bloom, the flaccid¹³, shrunk,
And withered muscle, and the vapid¹⁴ soul,
Reproach their owner with that love of rest,

1. Revolvency, principle of revolving; revolution.

2. Limpid, clear; transparent.

[Lat. *limpidus*, clear.]

3. Element.—Air, as well as water, earth, and fire, was formerly regarded as an element.

4. Noxious, injurious. [Lat. *noceo*, I hurt.]

5. Undulation, a waving motion. [Lat. *unda*, a wave.]

6. Concussion, shaking. [Lat. *con*, and *quacio*, I shake.]

7. Thunder.—The oak was sacred to Jupiter, who wielded the thunder.

8. The monarch, the oak,

commonly called 'the king of trees'

9. Himself, he himself.

10. Strenuous, vigorous; energetic; laborious. [Lat. *strenuus*, allied to Gr. *strenus*, strong.]

11. The sedentary, those who pass most of their time in a sitting posture. [Lat. *sedeo*, I sit.]

12. When custom bids, at the usual hour of going to bed.

13. Flaccid, soft and weak; flabby. [Lat. *flaccidus*, flabby.]

14. Vapid, dull; spiritless. [Lat. *vapidus*, from the same root as *vapour*.]

395 To which he forfeits ev'n tho rest he loves¹.
 Not such the alert and active. Measure life
 By its true worth, the comforts it affords,
 And theirs alone seems worthy of the name.
 Good health, and, its associate in the most,

400 Good temper, spirits prompt to undertake,
 And not soon spent, though in an arduous task,
 The powers of fancy and strong thought—are theirs ;
 Ev'n age itself seems privileged in them
 With clear exemption from its own defects.

405 A sparkling eye beneath a wrinkled front
 The veteran shows, and, gracing a grey beard
 With youthful smiles, descends toward the grave
 Sprightly, and old almost without decay.
 Like a coy maiden, Ease, when courted most,

410 Farthest retires—an idol, at whose shrine
 Who oftenest sacrifice are favoured least.
 The love of Nature, and the scenes she draws,
 Is Nature's dictate. Strange ! thereto should be found,
 Who², self-imprisoned in their proud saloons³,

415 Renounce the odours of the open field
 For the unscented fictions of the loom⁴ ;
 Who, satisfied with only pencilled scenes⁵,
 Prefer to the performance of a God
 The inferior wonders of an artist's hand.

420 Lovely indeed the mimic⁶ works of art,
 But Nature's works far lovelier. I admire,
 None more admires, the painter's magic skill,
 Who shows me that which I shall never see,
 Conveys a distant country into mine⁷,

1. Love of rest—rest he loves.—An example of *paronomasia*, or play on words.

2. Who.—Supply the antecedent 'those' or 'people' [The omission of the antecedent is a Latinism.]

3. Saloons, reception-halls. [Fr. and Sp. *salon*.]

4. Fictions of the loom, forms or figures worked in embroidery or tapestry.

5. Pencilled scenes, scenes depicted by painters; pictures.

6. Mimic, imitative.

7. Conveys, &c., i.e., represents foreign scenes in pictures.

425 And throws Italian light¹ on English walls :
 But imitative strokos can do no more
 Than please the eye—sweet Nature² every sense.
 The air salubrious³ of her lofty hills,
 The cheering fragrance of her dewy vales,

430 And music of her woods—no works of man
 May rival these ; these all bespeak⁴ a power
 Peculiar, and exclusivoly her own.
 Beneath the open sky she spreads the feast ;
 'Tis free to all—'tis every day renewed ;

435 Who scorns it, starves deservedly at home.
 He does not scorn it, who, imprisoned long
 In some unwholesome dungeon⁵, and a prey
 To sallow sickness, which the vapours, dank⁶
 And clammy⁷, of his dark abode have bred,

440 Escapes at last to liberty and light.
 His cheek recovers soon its healthful hue,
 His eye relumines its extinguished fires,
 He walks, he leaps, he runs—is winged with joy,
 And riots in the sweets of every breeze.

445 He does not scorn it, who has long endured
 A fever's agonies, and fed on drugs.
 Nor yet tho mariner, his blood inflamed
 With acrid⁸ salts, his very heart athirst
 To gaze at Nature in her green array ;

450 Upon the ship's tall side he stands, possessed⁹
 With visions prompted by intense desire ;
 Fair fields appear below, such as he left

1. Italian light—Italy is famous for her lovely scenery as well as for her great painters.

2. "Nature" agrees with "plenses," understood.

3. Salubrious, favourable to health ; healthful. [Lat. *salus*, health.]

4. Bespeak, show ; indicate.

5. Dungeon, a close prison ; a deep, dark place of confinement. [Fr. *doujon*, the innermost and

strongest tower of a castle.]

6. Dank, damp ; moist.

7. Clammy, thick ; soft and sticky. [A.-S. *clam*, mud.]

8. Acrid, sharp or biting to the taste ; bitter. [Lat. *acer*, sharp.] Sailors frequently suffer from sea-sickness owing to the difficulty of getting a fresh vegetable diet.

9. Possessed with, influenced by. [Generally applied to the influence of evil spirits.]

Far distant, such as he would die to find—
He seeks them headlong¹, and is soon no more.

455 The spleen² is seldom felt where Flora³ reigns ;
The lowering⁴ eye, the petulance, the frown,
And sullen sadness, that o'ershade, distort,
And mar the face of Beauty, when no cause
For such immeasurable woe appears,

460 These Flora banishes, and gives the fair
Sweet smiles, and bloom less transient than her own.
It is the constant revolution⁵, stale
And tasteless, of the same repeated joys,
That palls and satiates, and makes languid life

465 A pedlar's⁶ pack⁷, that bows the bearer down.
Health suffers, and the spirits ebb ; the heart
Recoils⁸ from its own choice—at the full feast
Is famished—finds no music in the song,
No smartness in the jest, and wonders why.

470 Yet thousands still desire to journey⁹ on,
Though halt¹⁰, and weary of the path they tread.
The paralytic¹¹, who can hold her cards,
But cannot play them, borrows a friend's hand
To deal¹² and shuffle¹³, to divide and sort¹⁴

475 Her mingled suits¹⁵ and sequences¹⁶, and sits

1. Seeks them headlong,
plunges headlong into the sea to
find them.

2. Spleen, ill-humour ; melancholy. [The spleen was formerly
supposed to be the seat of all
angry passions.]

3. Flora, the goddess of
flowers. [Lat. *flor*, a flower.]

4. Lowering, frowning.
[See page 215, note 6.]

5. Constant revolution, con-
tinued repetition or recurrence.

6. Pedlar or pedler, a hawk-
er of goods. [From *peddler*, to sell
by travelling.]

7. Pack, bundle.

8. Recoils, turns back with
disgust [Lat. *re*, back, and *culus*,

the hind part]

9. Journey, live. [Fr. *jour*,
Lat. *dies*, a day.]

10. Halt, lame ; disabled

11. Paralytic, one affected with
paralysis or palsy. [Gr. *para*,
beside, and *lyō*, to loose.]

12. Deal, distribute

13. Shuffle, mix together.

14. Sort, arrange according to
those suits and numbers.

15. Suits, the four sets or classes
into which playing cards are
divided. They are called clubs,
spades, hearts, and diamonds.

16. Sequences, cards immedi-
ately following one another in the
same suit ; as, king, queen, knave,
&c. [Lat. *sequor*, I follow.]

Spectatress both and spectacle¹, a sad
And silent cipher, while her proxy² plays.
Others are dragged into the crowded room
Between supporters ; and once seated, sit
480 Through downright inability to rise,
Till the stout bearers lift the corpse again.
These speak a loud memento³. Yet o'er these
Themselves love life, and cling to it, as he
That overhangs a torrent, to a twig.
485 They love it, and yet loath it ; fear to die,
Yet scorn the purposes for which they live.
Then wherefore not renounce them ? No—the dread,
The slavish dread of solitude, that breeds
Reflection and remorse, the fear of shame,
490 And their inveterate⁴ habits, all forbid.
Whom call we gay ? That honour has been long
The boast of mere pretenders to the name,
The innocent are gay—the lark is gay,
That dries his feathers saturato⁵ with dew
495 Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams
Of day-spring overshoot his humble⁶ nest.
The peasant too, a witness of his song,
Himself a songster, is as gay as he.
But save me from the gaiety of those
500 Whose headaches nail them to a noonday bed :
And save me, too, from theirs whose haggard⁷ eyes
Flash desperation, and betray their pangs
For property stripped off by cruel chance⁸ ;
From gaiety that fills the bones with pain,

1. Spectacle, herself a gazing-stock.

2. Proxy, substitute. [Contracted from *procuration*.]

3. Memento, warning. [Lat. *memento mori*, remember death.]

4. Inveterate, old; deep-rooted. [Lat. *rotus*, old.]

5. Saturate, saturated, tho-

roughly wet. [Lat. *satur*, full.]

6. Humble.—The skylark builds its nest on the ground. [Lat. *humus*, the ground.]

7. Haggard, wild; deep-sunk; care-worn. [Fr. *hagard*, a wild falcon.]

8. Cruel chance, ill-luck; in gambling.

505 The mouth with blasphemy¹, the heart with woe.
 The Earth was made so various, that the mind
 Of desultory² man, studious³ of change,
 And pleased with novelty, might be indulged.
 Prospects, however lovely, may be seen

510 Till half their beauties fade; the weary sight,
 Too well acquainted with their smiles, slides off
 Fastidious⁴, seeking less familiar scenes.
 Then snug enclosures in the sheltered vale,
 Where frequent hedges intercept the eye,

515 Delight us, happy to renounce awhile,
 Not senseless of its charms, what still we love,
 That such short absence may endear it more.
 Then forests, or the savage rock, may please,
 That hides the sea-mew⁵ in his hollow clefts

520 Above the reach of man: his⁶ hoary head,
 Conspicuous many a league, the mariner,
 Bound homeward, and in hope already there,
 Greets with three cheers exulting. At his waist⁷
 A girdle of half-withered shrubs he shows,

525 And at his feet the baffled billows die.
 The common, overgrown with fern, and rough
 With prickly goss⁸, that, shapeless and deformed,
 And dangerous to the touch, has yet its bloom,
 And decks itself with ornaments of gold⁹,

530 Yields no unpleasing ramble; thore the turf
 Smells fresh, and, rich in odoriferous¹⁰ herbs
 And fungous fruits¹¹ of earth, regales the sense

1. Blasphemy, speaking ill of God. [Gr. *blapto*, I injure, and *phemi*, to speak.]

2. Desultory, passing from one thing to another; given to change; inconstant. [Lat. *de*, and *sallio*, I leap.]

3. Studious, fond; eagerly desirous.

4. Fastidious, hard or difficult to please; squeamish; disdainful. [Lat. *fastus*, haughtiness.]

5. Sea-mew, sea-gull.

6. His, the rock's.

7. At his waist, half way up.

8. Goss or gorse furze, a thick prickly shrub.

9. Ornaments of gold:—The furze bears yellow flowers.

10. Odoriferous, diffusing fragrance. [Lat. *odor*, odour, and *fero*, I bear.]

11. Fungous fruits, mushrooms, &c., which spring up suddenly, but do not last long.

With luxury of unexpected sweets.

There often wanders one, whom better days

535 Saw better clad, in cloak of satin trimmed
With lace, and hat with splendid riband bound.
A serving-maid was she, and fell in love
With one who left her, went to sea, and died.

Her fancy followed him through foaming waves
540 To distant shores, and she would sit and weep
At what a sailor suffers ; fancy too,
Dolusive most where warmest wishes are,
Would oft anticipate his glad return,
And dream of transports she was not to know.

545 She heard the doleful tidings of his death,
And never smiled again ! And now she roams
The dreary waste ; there spends the livelong day,
And there, unless when charity forbids,
The livelong night. A tattered apron¹ hides,

550 Worn as a cloak, and hardly hides, a gown
More tattered still ; and both but ill conceal
A bosom heaved with never-ceasing sighs.
She begs an idle² pin of all she meets,
And hoards them in her sleeve ; but needful food,

555 Though pressed with hunger oft, or comelier clothes,
Though pinched with cold, asks never,--Kato is
crazed !

I see a column of slow-rising smoke
O'ortop the lofty wood that skirts the wild³.
A vagabond⁴ and useless tribe there eat
560 Their miserable meal. A kettle, slung
Between two poles upon a stick transverse,
Receives the morsel⁵—flesh obscene⁶ of dog,

1. Apron, a piece of cloth or leather worn when at work to keep the clothes clean. [Old F. *apron*, from Fr. *nappe*, a table-cloth.]

2. She begs an idle pin, i.e., she idly or needlessly begs a pin.

3. Wild, the waste common.

4. Vagabond, wandering ; vagrant. [Lat. *vagor*, I wander.]

5. Morsel, meat ; food. [Lat. a mouthful. Lat. *morsa*, I bite.]

6. Obscene, foul ; disgusting. [Lat. *obscenus*, filthy ; from *ab*, and *scenus*, a scene.]

Or vermin¹, or, at best, of cock purloined²
 From his accustomed perch. Hard-faring race !

565 They pick their fuel out of every hedge,
 Which, kindled with dry leaves, just saves unquenched
 The spark of life. The sportive wind blows wide
 Their fluttering rags, and shows a tawny³ skin,
 The vellum⁴ of the pedigree they claim⁵.

570 Groat skill have they in palmistry⁶, and more
 To conjure clean away the gold they touch,
 Convoying worthless dross into its place ;
 Loud when they beg, dumb only when they steal.
 Strange ! that a creature rational, and cast

575 In human mould, should brutalize by choice
 His nature, and, though capable of arts
 By which the world might profit, and himself,
 Self-banished from society, prefer
 Such squalid⁷ sloth to honourable toil !

580 Yet even these, though, feigning sickness oft,
 They swathe⁸ the forehead, drag the limping limb,
 And vex their flesh with artificial sores,
 Can change their whine into a mirthful note,
 When safe occasion offers ; and with dance,

585 And music of the bladder and the bag⁹,
 Beguile their woes, and make the woods resound.
 Such health and gaiety of heart enjoy

1. Vermin, noxious animals like mice, rats, &c. [Lat. *vermis*, a worm.]

2. Purloined, stolen. [Literally, removed to a distance ; from Lat. *pro*, and *longus*, long.]

3. Tawny, dark-yellow ; brownish.

4. Vellum, skin ; parchment. [Lat. *ritulus*, a calf.]

5. The pedigree they claim.—The gipsies or gypsies were formerly supposed to be descended from the ancient Egyptians but ethnologists now regard

them as descendants of some obscure Indian tribe.

6. Palmistry, the pretended art of telling fortunes by the lines and marks in the palm of the hand. [Lat. *palma*, the palm of the hand.]

7. Squalid, foul ; filthy ; extremely dirty. [Lat. *squalere*, to be foul.]

8. Swathe, bind with a bandage.

9. The bladder and the bag, the tambourine and the bag-pipe,

The houseless rovers of the sylvan world ;
 And, breathing wholesomo air, and wandering much,
 590 Need other physic none to heal the effects
 Of loathsome diet, penury¹, and cold
 Blest he, though undistinguished from the crowd
 By wealth or dignity, who dwells secure,
 Where man, by nature fierce, has laid aside
 595 His fierceness, having learnt, though slow to learn,
 The manners and the arts of civil² life.
 His wants, indeed, are many ; but supply
 Is obvious³, placed within the easy reach
 Of temperate wishes and industrious hands.

600 Here Virtue thrives as in her proper soil ;
 Not rude and surly⁴, and beset with thorns,
 And terrible to sight, as when she springs
 (If e'er she spring spontaneous) in remote
 And barbarous climes, where violence prevails,
 605 And strength is lord of all; but gentle, kind,
 By culture tamed, by liberty refreshed,
 And all her fruits by radiant truth matured.
 War and the chase engross the savage whole⁵ :
 War followed for revenge, or to supplant⁶

610 The envied tenants of some happier spot ;
 The chase for sustenance, precarious⁷ trust !
 His hard condition with severo constraint
 Binds all his faculties, forbids all growth
 Of wisdom, proves a school in which he learns
 615 Sly circumvention⁸, unrelenting hate,

1. Penury, extreme poverty ;
 indigence. [Gr. *penomai*, to toil,
 to be poor or needy.]

2. Civil, civilized.

3. Obvious, easily obtainable
 [Lat. *obvius*, in the way ; from *ob*,
 and *via*, a way.]

4. Surly, gloomily morose ;
 cross and rudo, [Old form *surly*,
 probably for *sir like*, arrogant.]

5. The savage whole, the
 whole of savage life.

6. Supplant, drive or force
 away ; displace. [Lat. *supplantare*,
 to trip up one's heels ; from
sub, and *planta*, the sole of the
 foot.]

7. Precarious, uncertain.
 [Lat. *precor*, I pray ; hence, liter-
 ally, dependent on prayer or en-
 treaty, not certain.]

8. Circumvention, deception ;
 fraud ; stratagem. [Lat. *circum*,
 about, and *venio*, I come.]

Moan self-attachment, and scarce aught beside¹.
 Thus fare the shivering natives of the north,
 And thus the rangers of the western world²,
 Where it advances far into the deep,
 620 Towards the Antarctic³. Ev'n the favoured isles⁴
 So lately found, although the constant sun
 Cheer all their seasons with a grateful smile,
 Can boast but little virtue ; and inore
 Through plenty, lose in morals what they gain
 625 In manners—victims of luxurious ease,
 These therefore I can pity, placed remote
 From all that science traces, art invents,
 Or inspiration teaches ; and enclosed
 In boundless oceans, never to be passed
 630 By navigators uninformed as they,
 Or ploughed perhaps by British bark again.
 But far beyond the rest, and with most cause,
 Thee, gentle savage⁵ ! whom no love of thoo
 Or thine, but curiosity perhaps,
 635 Or else vain-glory, prompted us to draw
 Forth from thy native bowers, to show thee here
 With what superior skill we can abuse
 The gifts of Providence, and squander life.
 The dream is past ; and thou hast found again
 640 Thy cocoas and bananas, palms and yams, [sound
 And homestall⁶ thatched with leaves. But hast thou
 Their former charms ? And, having seen our state⁷,
 Our palaces, our ladies, and our pomp
 Of equipage, our gardens, and our sports,
 645 And heard our music ; are thy simple friends,
 Thy simple fare, and all thy plain delights,

1. Beside, besides.

2. Western world, Amoria.

3. The Antarctic, south,—
opposite to the Arctic.4. The favoured isles, the
Society, Sandwich, and Friendly
Islands, discovered by Captain
Cook. They have a very fertile soil

and a very salubrious climate.

5. Gentle savage.—An example of *oxymoron*. The reference is to Omai, a native of the Friendly Islands, who accompanied Captain Cook to England in 1775.

6. Homestall, homestead.

7. State, splendour ; grandeur.

As dear to thee as once ? And have thy joys
 Lost nothing by comparison with ours ?
 Rude as thou art (for we returned thee rudo
 650 And ignorant, except of outward show),
 I cannot think thee yet so dull of heart
 And spiritless, as never to regret
 Sweets tasted here, and lost as soon as known.
 Methinks¹ I see thee straying on the beach,
 655 And asking of the surge that bathes thy foot,
 If ever it has washed our distant shore.
 I see thee weep, and thine are honest tears,
 A patriot's for his country : thou art sad
 At thought of her forlorn and abject state,
 660 From which no power of thine can raise her up.
 Thus Fancy paints thee, and though apt to err,
 Perhaps errs little when she paints thee thus.
 She tells me, too, that duly every morn
 Thou climb'st the mountain top, with eager eye
 665 Exploring far and wide the watery waste
 For sight of ship from England. Every speck
 Seen in the dim horizon turns thee pale
 With conflict of contending hopes and fears.
 But comes at last the dull and dusky eve,
 670 And sends thee to thy cabin, well prepared
 To dream all night of what the day denied.
 Alas ! expect it not. We found no bait²
 To tempt us in thy country. Doing good,
 Disinterested good, is not our trade.*
 675 Wo travel far, 'tis true, but not for naught;

1. Methinks, it seems to me. [A.-S. *thynkan*, to seem. "Think," in its usual sense, comes from *thencan*, to think.]

2. Bait.—"Bit and bait, whether used for a small piece of anything, or for that part of a bridle which is put into a horse's mouth, or for that hasty refreshment which man or beast takes upon a journey, or for that temptation which is

offered by treachery to fish or fool,—is but one word differently spelt, and is the past participle of *to bite*."

* The student should be on his guard against being carried away by the poet's invectives. England has done more good to the world than any other country, ancient or modern. .

And must be bribed to compass Earth again
By other hopes and richer fruits than yours.*

But though true worth and virtue in the mild
And genial soil of cultivated life

680 Thrive most, and may perhaps thrive only there,
Yet not in cities oft—in proud, and gay,
And gain-devoted cities. Thither flow,
As to a common and most noisome¹ sewer,
The dregs and scululence² of every land.

685 In cities, foul example on most minds
Bogets its likeness. Rank³ abundance breeds,
In gross and pampered cities, sloth, and lust,
And wantonness, and glutonous excess.

In cities, vice is hidden with most ease,

690 Or seen with least reproach ; and virtue, taught
By frequent lapse⁴, can hope no triumph there
Beyond the achievement of successful flight.

I do confess them nurseries of the arts,
In which they flourish most ; where, in the beams

695 Of warm encouragement, and in the eye
Of public note, they reach their perfect size,
Such London is, by taste and wealth proclaimed
The fairest capital of all the world,
By riot⁵ and incontinence⁶ the worst⁷.

700 There, touched by Reynolds⁸, a dull blank becomes
A lucid mirror, in which Nature sees

1. Noisome, noxious. [From *annoy* and *some*.]

2. Feculence, foulness ; lees ; dregs. [Lat. *fecula*, lees of wine.]

3. Rank, excessive ; gross ; foul.

4. Lapse, slip ; failing in duty ; deviation from rectitude.

5. Riot, excessive luxury.

6. Incontinence, lewdness.

7. The worst.—This should not be taken literally.

8. Reynolds, Sir Joshua Reynolds, the famous painter (1723-1792).

* Cowper wrote to Newton

(October 8, 1783) :—“Discoveries have been made, but such discoveries as will hardly satisfy the expense of such undertakings. We brought away an Indian, and having debauched him, we sent him home again, to communicate the infection to his country ;—fine sport, to be sure, but such as will not defray the cost. Nations that live upon bread-fruit, and have no mines to make them worthy of our acquaintance, will be but little visited for the future.”

All her reflected features. Bacon¹ there
Gives more than female beauty² to a stone,
And Chatham's³ eloquence to marble lips.

705 705 Nor does the chisel⁴ occupy alone
The powers of sculpture, but the style⁵ as much ;
Each province of her art her equal care.
With nice incision of her guided steel⁶ .
She ploughs a brazen field⁷, and clothes a soil
710 710 So sterile with what charms soe'er⁸ she will,
The richest sconery and the loveliest forms.
Whero finds Philosophy⁹ her eagle eye,
With which she gazes at yon burning disk¹⁰
Undazzled, and detects and counts his spots ?
715 715 In London. Whero her implements exact,
With which she calculates, computes, and scans
All distance, motion, magnitude, and now
Measuros an atom, and now girds a world ?
In London. Whero has commerce such a mart,
720 720 So rich, so thronged, so drained, and so supplied,
As London—opulent, enlarged, and still
Increasing London ? Babylon¹⁰ of old
Not more the glory of the earth, than she
A more accomplished world's chief glory now.
725 725 She has her praise. Now mark a spot or two
That so much beauty would do well to purge,
And show this Queen of Cities, that so fair

1. Bacon, John Bacon, a celebrated sculptor (1740-1799).

2. Female beauty.—The allusion is to the figure of "Commerce" in the monument to Lord Chatham, in Westminster Abbey.

3. Chatham, William Pitt, Earl of Chatham (1708-1778).

4. The chisel—the style.—The chisel is an instrument used for cutting figures in marble, and the style for engraving on metal.

5. Steel, the style.

6. Brazen field, plate of brass.

7. What charms soe'er.—An example of *Tmesis*.

8. Philosophy, i.e. astronomy.

9. Burning disk, the disk of the sun.

10. Babylon, the capital of the Assyrian empire. The modern town of Hillah is supposed to be built on a part of its site. The most remarkable edifice at Babylon was the temple of Bel. The palace of Nebuchadnezzar with its "hanging gardens" was called "the admiration of the world."

May yet be foul ; so witty, yet not wise.
 It is not seemly, nor of good report,
 780 That she is slack in discipline—more prompt
 To avenge than to prevent the breach of law :
 That she is rigid in denouncing death¹
 On petty robbers, and indulges life
 And liberty, and oftentimes honour too,
 785 To peculators² of the public gold :
 That thieves at home must hang ; but he³ that puts
 Into his overgorged and bloated purse
 The wealth of Indian provinces, escapes.
 Nor is it well, nor can it come to good,
 740 That, through profane and infidel contempt
 Of holy writ⁴, she has presumed to annul
 And abrogate, as roundly as she may,
 The total ordinance⁵ and will of God ;
 Advancing Fashion to the post of Truth,
 745 And centering all authority in modes
 And customs of her own, till sabbath-rites
 Have dwindled into unrespected forms,

1. Rigid in denouncing death.—The English penal code was very severe in Cowper's time. Death was the penalty even for petty thefts.

2. Peculators, those who appropriate public money to their own use ; those who are guilty of embezzlement. [Lat. *peculator*, I steal, from *peculium*, private property. See page 290, note 11.]

3. But he, &c.—This refers to Warren Hastings (1733-1818), our first Governor-General, who was impeached before the House of Lords and charged by Edmund Burke, in a speech which lasted for more than three days, with injustice and oppression towards the princes and people of India. The trial lasted from 1788 to 1795,

but in the end Hastings was acquitted on all charges.

Lord Clive (1725-1774), the founder of our Indian Empire, had also to defend himself against a motion of censure brought against him in the House of Commons. The motion was rejected and the House passed a resolution commending "his great and meritorious services to the country." The malpractices of these great administrators were chiefly due to the difficulties of their situation and the lax tone of morality prevalent among Indian officers at that period.

4. Holy writ, i.e., the Bible.

5. Ordinance, decree. [To be distinguished from *ordnance*, cannon.]

And knoes and hassocks¹ are well nigh divorced.

God made the country², and man made the town:

750 What wonder, then, that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught³
That life holds out to all, should most abound
And least be threatened in the fields and groves?
Possess ye, therefore, ye who, borne about
755 In chariots and sedans⁴, know no fatigue
But that of illness⁵, and taste no scenes
But such as Art contrives—possess ye still
Your element⁶; there only ye can shino;
There only minds like yours can do no harm.

760 Our groves were planted to consolo at noon
Tho' pensive wanderer in their shados. At eve
The moonbeam, sliding softly in between
The sleeping leaves, is all the light they wish—
Birds warbling all the music. We can spare

765 The splendour of your lamps; they but eclips⁷
Our softer satellite⁸. Your songs confound
Our more harmonious notes: the thrush departs
Scared, and the offended nightingale is mute.
There is a public mischief in your mirth;

770 It plagues your country. Folly such as yours
Graced with a sword⁹, and worthier of a fan¹⁰,

1. **Hassocks**, mats or cushions for kneeling on in churches. The meaning of the line is that people have become indifferent about going to church.

2. **The country**.—As distinguished from the *town*.

3. **The bitter draught**.—Compare—

"Go, Sun, while mercy holds
me up
On Nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste."

Campbell.

4. **Sedans**, chairs resembling palanquins, much used in the time

of Cowper, but now seldom if ever employed. [From *Sedan*, a town in the north of France, whence they were introduced into England.]

5. **Fatigue of idleness**.—An *Ozymoron*.

6. **Your element**, *i.e.*, town-life which is best suited to you.

7. **Softer satellite**, the moon. [Lat. *satellit*, an attendant, the moon is a satellite of the earth.]

8. **Graced with a sword**.—In Cowper's time it was the fashion for young gallants to wear swords.

9. **Worthier of a fan**.—Fans are carried by ladies.

Has made, what enemies could ne'er have done,
Our arch of empire, steadfast but for you,
774 A mutilated structure, soon to fall¹.
William Cowper (1731-1802).

12.—PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The First Book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject—Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise, wherein he was placed; then touches the primo cause of his fall, the Serpent, or rather Satan in the Serpent; who, revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of Angels, was, by the command of God, driven out of Heaven, with all his crew, into the great Deep. Which action passed over, the Poem hastens into the midst of things, presenting Satan, with his angels, now fallen into Hell described here, not in the Centre (for Heaven and Earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed), but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest called Chaos. Here Satan, with his Angels, lying on the burning lake, thunderstruck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion; calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him: they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakes all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded. They rise: their numbers; array of battle; their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterward in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech; comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven; but tells them lastly of a new world, and a new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy, or report, in Heaven; for, that Angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium, the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the Deep: the infernal Peers there sit in council.

Of Man's first disobedience, and | the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the World, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man²
5 Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, Heavenly Muse, that on the secret top

1. Soon to fall.—The American War of Independence was going on when Cowper wrote this. The poet was, besides, of a desponding turn of mind.

2. Greater Man, Jesus Christ.

Of Oreb, or of Sinai¹, didst inspire
 That shepherd², who first taught the chosen seed
 In the beginning how the heavens and earth
 10 Rose out of Chaos³: or, if Sion hill⁴
 Delight the more, and Siloa's⁵ brook that flowed
 Fast by the oracle of God⁶; I thenco
 Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
 That with no middle flight intends to soar
 15 Above the Aonian mount⁷, while it pursues
 Things unattempted yet⁸ in prose or rhyme.
 And chiefly Thou, O Spirit⁹, that dost prefer
 Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
 Instruct me, for Thou know'st: Thou from the first
 20 Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
 Dove-like, satt'st brooding on the vast Abyss¹⁰,
 And madest it pregnant: what in me is dark,
 Illumine; what is low, raise and support;
 That to the highth¹¹ of this great argument
 25 I may assert Eternal Providence,
 And justify the ways of God to men.
 Say first, for Heaven hides nothing from thy view,
 Nor the deep tract of Hell—say first, what cause
 Moved our grand Parents, in that happy state,
 30 Favoured of Heaven so highly, to fall off

1. Oreb or Sinai, two mountains in Arabia now known as Jebel Musa (Mount Moses) and Jebel Katorin (Mount St. Catherine).

2. That shepherd, Moses.

3. Chaos, empty, immensurable space. [Gr. and Lat. *chaos*, from *cha*, to gaping.]

4. Sion hill, one of the hills on which Jerusalem was built.

5. Siloa, Shiloah, a tributary of the Kedron, flowing from beneath the rock under the walls of Jerusalem, and forming the Pool of Siloam.

6. The oracle of God, the

temple of Jerusalem.

7. Aonian mount, Mount Helicon in Boeotia, a Greek state poetically called Aonia. Mount Parnassus, another favourite haunt of the Muses, was in the neighbouring state of Phocis.

8. Unattempted yet.—The poet does not seem to have been aware of the existence of Caedmon's poem on the same subject. [See Introduction.]

9. O Spirit, the Holy Spirit of God.

10. Dove-like, &c.—Genesis i. 2; Luke iii. 22.

11. Highth, height.

From their Creator, and transgress His will
 For one restraint, lords of the World besides ?
 Who first seduced them to that foul revolt ?

The infernal Serpent ; he it was, whose guile,
 35 Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived
 The mother of mankind ; what time¹ his pride
 Had cast him out from Heaven, with all his host
 Of rebel Angels ; by whose aid, aspiring
 To set himself in glory above his peers²,
 40 He trusted to have equalled³ the Most High,
 If he opposed ; and, with ambitious aim
 Against the throne and monarchy of God,
 Raised impious war in Heaven and battle proud,
 With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Powr
 45 Hurl'd headlong flaming from the othercal sky,
 With hideous ruin and combustion, down
 To bottomless perdition ; thero to dwell
 In adamantine chains and penal fire,
 Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.
 50 Nine times the spaco that measures day and night
 To mortal men, he, with his horrid crow,
 Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,
 Confounded, though immortal. But his doom
 Reserved him to more wrath ; for now the thought
 55 Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
 Torments him ; round he throws his baleful oyes,
 That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,
 Mixed with obdurate pride and steadfast hate.
 At once, as far as Angels' ken⁴, he views
 60 The dismal situation waste and wild :
 A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
 As one great furnace, flamed ; yet from those flames
 No light ; but rather darkness visible

1. What time, at that time when. [A Latinism.] 2. Above his peers — Satan was already above his peers, but he wanted to be above the Messiah | and to equal God. 3. He trusted to have equalled, he had trusted to equal. 4. Ken, reach of sight.

Served only to discover sights of woe,
 65 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
 And rest can never dwell ; hope never comes
 That comes to all ; but torture without end
 Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
 With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.

70 Such place Eternal Justice had prepared
 For those rebellious ; here their prison ordained
 In utter darkness, and their portion set,
 As far removed from God and light of Heaven,
 As from the centre thence to the utmost polo.

75 Oh, how unlike the place from whence they fell !
 There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed
 With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
 Who soon discerns ; and wailing by his side,
 One next himself in power, and next in crime,

80 Long after known in Palestine, and named
 Beelzebub¹. To whom the Arch-Enemy,
 And thence in Heaven called Satan², with bold words
 Breaking the horrid silence, thus began : —
 “If thou beest³ he—but oh, how fallen ! how changed

85 From him, who, in the happy realms of light,
 Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
 Myriads, though bright !—if he, whom mutual league,
 United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
 And hazard in the glorious enterprise,

90 Joined with me once, now misery hath joined
 In equal ruin ; into what pit thou soest
 From what hight fallen, so much the stronger proved
 He with his thunder : and till then who knew
 The force of those dire arms ? Yet not for those,

95 Nor what the potent⁴ Victor in his rage
 Can else inflict, do I repent, or change,

1. Beelzebub, a heathen deity regarded by the Jews as the chief of the evil spirits. Milton makes him second in rank to Satan.

2. Satan.—A Hebrew word meaning an adversary.

3. Beest, art.

4. Potent, powerful. [Lat. posse, to be able.]

Though changed in outward lustre, that fixed mind,
 And high disdain from sense of injured merit,
 That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,
 100 And to the fierce contention brought along
 Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd,
 That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring,
 His utmost power with adverse power opposed
 In dubious battle on the plains of Heaven,
 105 And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
 All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,
 And courage never to submit or yield,
 And what is else not to be overcome;
 110 That glory never shall his wrath or might
 Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
 With suppliant knee, and deify his power
 Who, from the terror of this arm, so late
 Doubted his empire; that were low indeed,
 115 That were an ignominy, and shame beneath
 This downfall; since, by fate, the strength of Gods,
 And this empyreal¹ substance, cannot fail;
 Since, through experience of this great event,
 In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,
 120 We may with more successful hope resolvo
 To wage, by force or guile, eternal war,
 Irreconcilable to our grand Foe,
 Who now triumphs, and, in the excess of joy
 Sole reigning, holds the tyranny² of Heaven."

125 So spake the apostate³ Angol, though in pain,
 Vaunting aloud, but racked with deep despair;
 And him thus answered soon his bold compeer⁴:—
 "O Prince, O Chief of many-throned Powers,
 That led the embattled Seraphim to war

1. Empyreal, pure as fire or light. [Gr. *en*, and *pyr*, fire.] [Gr. *apo*, from, and root *sta*, to stand.]

2. Tyranny, despotism. [Gr. *tyrannos*, a despotic ruler.]

3. Apostate, false; traitorous. [Lat. *con*, and *par*, equal.]

4. Compeer, companion; associate. [Lat. *con*, and *par*, equal.]

130 Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds
 Fearless, endangered Heaven's perpetual¹ King,
 And put to proof His high supremacy,
 Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate ;
 Too well I see and know the dire event,

135 That, with sad overthrow and foul defeat,
 Hath lost us Heaven, and all this mighty host
 In horriblo destruction laid thus low,
 As far as Gods and Heavenly Essences
 Can perish : for the mind and spirit remains

140 Invincible, and vigour soon returns,
 Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
 Here swallowed up in endless misery.
 But what if He our Conqueror (whom I now
 Of force believe) Almighty, since no less

145 Than such could have o'erpowered such force as ours)
 Have lost us this our spirit and strength entire,
 Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
 That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
 Or do Him mightier service as His thralls²

150 By right of war, whate'er His business be,
 Hero in the heart of Hell to work in fire,
 Or do His errands in the gloomy Deep ?
 What can it then avail, though yet we feel
 Strength undiminished, or eternal being

155 To undergo eternal punishment ?”

Whereto with speedy words the Arch-Fiend replied :
 “ Fallen Cherub ! to be weak is miserable,
 Doing or suffering : but of this be sure—
 To do aught good never will be our task,

160 But ever to do ill our solo delight,
 As being the contrary to His high will
 Whom we resist. If then His providence
 Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
 Our labour must be to pervert that end,

165 And out of good still to find means of evil ;

1. Perpetual, eternal.

2. Thralls, slaves.

Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps
 Shall grieve Him, if I fail not, and disturb
 His iumost counsels from their destined aim.
 But see ! the angry Victor hath recalled
 170 His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
 Back to the gates of Heaven ; the sulphurous hail,
 Shot after us in storm, o'erblown, hath laid
 The fiery surgo, that from the precipice
 Of Heaven received us falling ; and the thunder,
 175 Winged with red lightning and impetuous rage,
 Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
 To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.
 Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn
 Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.
 180 Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
 The seat of desolation, void of light,
 Save what the glimmering of those livid¹ flames
 Casts pale and dreadful ? Thither let us tend
 From off the tossing of these fiery waves ;
 185 There rest, if any rest can harbour there ;
 And, re-assembling our afflicted powers,
 Consult how we may henceforth most offend
 Our Enemy ; our own loss how repair ;
 How overcome this dire calamity ;
 190 What reinforcement we may gain from hope ;
 If not, what resolution from despair."

Thus Satan², talking to his nearest mate,
 With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
 That sparkling blazed ; his other parts besides³
 195 Prone⁴ on the flood, extended long and large,
 Lay floating many a rood ; in bulk as huge
 As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
 Titanian⁵, or Earth-born, that warred on Jove ;

1. **Livid**, black and blue. [Lat. *livere*, to be black and blue.]

2. **Satan**.—Supply *spake*.

3. **His other parts besides**.—An example of *Tautology*.

4. **Prone**, lying with the face downward. [Opposed to *supine*.]

5. **Titanian**.—The Titans or Giants were the offspring of *Oculis* and *Terra* (Heaven and Earth).

Briareus¹, or Typhon², whom the den
 200 By ancient Tarsus held ; or that sea-beast
 Leviathan³, which God of all His works
 Created hugest that swim the ocean-stream :
 Him, haply, slumbering on the Norway foam,
 The pilot of some small night-foundered skiff⁴,
 205 Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
 With fix'd anchor in his scaly rind⁵,
 Moors⁶ by his side under the lee⁷, while night
 Invests the sea, and wished morn delays :
 So stretched out huge in length the Arch-Fiend lay
 210 Chained on the burning lake : nor ever thenceo
 Had risen⁸, or heaved his head ; but that the will
 And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
 Left him at large to his own dark designs ;
 That with reiterated⁹ crimes he might
 215 Heap on himself damnatio, while he sought
 Evil to others ; and, enraged, might see
 How all his malice served but to bring forth
 Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy, shown
 On Man by him seduced ; but on himself
 220 Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance, poured.
 Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
 His mighty stature ; on each hand the flames,
 Driven backward, slope their pointing spires, and,
 rolled
 In billows, leave in the midst a horrid vale.

1. Briareus, a giant represented as having 50 heads and 100 hands.

2. Typhon, a giant who dwelt in a den in Arima near Tarsus, the ancient capital of Cilicia in Asia Minor.

3. Leviathan, a fabled sea-monster.

4. Night-foundered skiff, a boat lost or distressed in the night.

5. Scaly rind, skin or hide covered with scales.

6. Moors, anchors.

7. Lee, the quarter toward which the wind blows, as opposed to that from which it proceeds.

8. Had risen, would have risen.

9. Reiterated, repeated again and again. [Lat. *re*, and *iterum*, again.]

225 Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
 Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,
 That felt unusual weight ; till on dry land
 He lights—if it were land that ever burned
 With solid, as the lake with liquid, fire :

230 And such appeared in hue, as when the force
 Of subterranean wind transports a hill
 Torn from Pelorus¹, or the shattered side
 Of thundering \mathbb{A} etna², whose combustible
 And fuelled entrails thence conceiving fire,

235 Sublimed³ with minoral fury, aid the winds,
 And leave a singed⁴ bottom, all involved
 With stench and smoke : such resting found the sole
 Of unblest feet. Him followed his next mate ;
 Both glorying to have 'scaped the Stygian flood⁵.

240 As gods, and by their own recovered strength,
 Not by the sufferance of supernal Power.
 “Is this the region, this the soil, the cline,”
 Said then the lost Archangel, “this the seat
 That we must change for Heaven ; this mournful gloom

245 For that celestial light ? Bo it so, since He,
 Who now is Sovran⁶, can dispose and bid
 What shall be right : furthest from Him is best,
 Whom reason hath equalled, force hath made supreme
 Above His equals. Farewell, happy fields,

250 Whero joy for ever dwells ! Hail, horrors ! hail,
 Infernal World ! and thou, profoundest Hell,
 Receive thy new possessor !—one who brings
 A mind not to be changed by place or time :
 The mind is its own place, and in itself

255 Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.

1. Pelorus, now Cape Faro, in Sicily.

2. \mathbb{A} etna, a well-known volcano on the east coast of Sicily.

3. Sublimed, raised up by the explosive force of the molten minerals. [Lat. *sub*, and *ero*, I

lift up.]

4. Singed, scorched.

5. Stygian flood, the infernal lake, [The Styx is fabled to be the chief river in the infernal regions.]

6. Sovran, sovereign.

What matter where, if I be still the same,
 And what I should be; all but less than He
 Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
 We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built
 260 Here for His envy; will not drive us hence :
 Here we may reign secure, and, in my choice,
 To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell :
 Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven.
 But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
 265 The associates and co-partners of our loss,
 Lie thus astonished on the oblivious pool,
 And call them not to share with us their part
 In this unhappy mansion; or once more
 With rallied arms to try what may be yet
 270 Regained in Heaven, or what more lost in Hell?"
 So Satan spake; and him Beelzebub
 Thus answered :—"Leader of those armies bright,
 Which, but the Omnipotent, none could have foiled !
 If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
 275 Of hope in fears and dangers—heard so oft
 In worse extremes, and on the perilous edge
 Of battle, when it raged, in all assaults
 Their surest signal—they will soon resume
 New courage and revive; though now they lie
 280 Grovelling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,
 As we meanwhile, astounded and amazed ;
 No wonder, fallen such a pernicious highth!"
 He scarce had ceased, when the superior Fiend
 Was moving toward the shore : his ponderous shield,
 285 Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
 Behind him cast; the broad circumforence
 Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
 Through optic glass the Tuscan artist¹ viows
 At evening from the top of Fesold²,

1. The Tuscan artist, Galileo, who was a native of Florence in Tuscany. He is called an artist because Astronomy was looked upon as one of the seven liberal arts.

2. Fesold or Fiesolè, a town of Tuscany, near Florence.

290 Or in Valdarno¹, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.
His spear—to equal which the tallest pine,
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral², were but a wand—

295 He walked with, to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle³, not like those steps
On Heaven's azuro; and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire:
Nathless⁴ he so endured, till on the beach

300 Of that inflamed sea he stood, and called
His legions, Angel Forms, who lay entranced
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa⁵, where the Etrurian shades,
High over-arched imbower; or scattered sedge⁶

305 Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion⁷ armed⁸
Hath vexed the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
Busiris⁹ and his Memphian¹⁰ chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen¹¹, who behold

310 From the safe shore their floating carcasses
And broken chariot-wheels: so thick bestrown¹²,
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.

1. Valdarno, the valley of the Arno.

2. Ammiral, a large ship. [Lit. a ship carrying an *admiral*, Ar. *amir*, a chief.]

3. Marle, parched soil.

4. Nathless, nevertheless.

5. Vallombrosa, a shady valley in Etruria or Tuscany.

6. Sedge, thick as scattered sedge.

7. Orion.—The constellation Orion was supposed to cause storms.

8. Armed.—Orion was represented as an armed warrior.

9. Busiris, Pharaoh, one of the kings of Egypt, who persecuted the Hebrews and put to death all their male children, and who was afterwards drowned with all his host in the Red Sea.

10. Memphian.—Memphis was the chief city of the Egyptians before the foundation of Cairo.

11. Goshen, a province of ancient Egypt, on the eastern bank of the Nile.

12. Bestrown, scattered. [Properly applicable to the *ground* on which things are scattered and not to the things scattered.]

He called so loud, that all the hollow deep
 315 Of Hell resounded :—“Princes, Potentates,
 Warriors, the Flower of Heaven! once yours, now lost—
 If such astonishment as this can seize
 Eternal Spirits! Or have ye chosen this place
 After the toil of battle to repose
 320 Your wearied virtue¹, for the ease you find
 To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?
 Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
 To adore the Conqueror? who now beholds
 Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood,
 325 With scattered arms and ensigns; till anon
 His swift pursuers from Heaven-gates discern
 The advantage, and, descending, tread us down
 Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
 Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf?—
 330 Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!”
 They heard, and were abashed, and up they sprung
 Upon the wing; as when men, wont to watch
 On duty, sleeping found by whom² they dread,
 Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
 335 Nor did they not³ perceive the evil plight
 In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
 Yet to⁴ their General’s voice they soon obeyed,
 Innumerable. As when the potent rod
 Of Amram’s son⁵, in Egypt’s evil day⁶,
 340 Waved round the coast, up called a pitchy cloud
 Of locusts, warping⁷ on the eastern wind,
 That o’er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
 Like Night, and darkened all the land of Nile:

1. Virtue, valour. [Lat. *virtus*,
 valour, energy.]

2. Whom.—Supply the antecedent *him*. [This is a Greekism.]

3. Nor did they not. A Latinism used for emphasis.

4. To their General’s voice.—The dative with *obey* is found also in Chaucer and Spenser. [It is a

Latinism.]

5. Amram’s son, Moses. [See *Exodus*.]

6. Egypt’s evil day.—An allusion to the ten plagues said to have been sent by God for the punishment of the Egyptians.

7. Warping, advancing with a bending or waving motion.

So numberless were those bad Angels seen
 345 Hovering on wing under the cope¹ of Hell,
 'Twixt upper, nether², and surrounding firos;
 Till, at a signal given, the uplifted spoar
 Of their great Sultan waving to direct
 Their course, in even balance down they light
 350 On the firm brimstone³ and fill all the plain;
 A multitude, like which⁴ the populous North⁵
 Poured never from her frozen loins, to pass
 Rheno or the Danaw⁶, when her barbarous sons
 Came like a deluge on the South, and spread
 355 Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.
 Forthwith, from ovry squadron and each band,
 The heads and leaders thither hasto whero stood
 Their great Commander; godlike Shapes, and Forms
 Excelling human; princely Dignities;
 360 And Powers that erst⁷ in Heaven sat on thrones,
 Though of their names in Heavenly records now
 Be no memorial; blotted out and rased
 By their rebellion from the Books of Life⁸.
 Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
 365 Got them now names; till, wandering o'er the earth
 Through God's high sufferance, for the trial of man,
 By falsities and lies the greatest part
 Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
 God their Creator, and the invisible
 370 Glory of Him that made them to transform
 Oft to the image of a brute, adorned
 With gay religions⁹ full of pomp and gold,

1. Cope, arch or concavo; roof.
 2. Nether, lower. [Comparative of *nitha*, under.]
 3. Brimstone, sulphur. [Litorally, *burning-stone*.]
 4. Like which, like that which; such as. [A Latinism.]
 5. The populous North.—An allusion to the Huns, Goths, Vandals, and other Northern bar-

barians, who overran the Roman empire.
 6. Rhene or the Danaw, the Rhine or the Danube.
 7. Erst, formerly; originally. [Superlative of *ere*, before.]
 8. Books of Life.—Mentioned in the Bible as containing the names of those worthy of God's favour.
 9. Religions, religious rites.

And Devils to adore¹ for Deities :
 Then were they known to men by various names,
 75 And various idols through the Heathen World.

* * * *

All these and more came flocking ; but with looks
 Downcast and damp ; yet such wherin appeared
 Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their Chief
 Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
 30 In loss itself : which on his countenance cast,
 Like doubtful hue : but ho, his wonted pride
 Soon recollecting², with high words, that bore
 Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
 Their fainting courage, and dispolled their fears.
 35 Then straight commands, that at the warlike sound
 Of trumpets loud and clarions, be upreared
 His mighty standard : that proud honour claimed
 Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall,
 Who forthwith from the glittering staff unsurled
 40 The imperial ensign ; which, full high advanced³,
 Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
 With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,
 Seraphic arms and trophies⁴ ; all the while
 Sonorous metal⁵ blowing martial sounds :
 45 At which the universal host up sot
 A shout, that toro Hell's concave, and beyond
 Frighted the reign⁶ of Chaos and old Night⁷.
 All in a moment through the gloom were seen
 Ten thousand banners rise into the air
 50 With orient⁸ colours waving : with them rose
 A forest huge of spears ; and thronging helms

1. To adore. This infinitive
 ponds on "corrupted" and
 worms "devils."

2. Recollecting, regaining.

3. Advanced, raised.

4. Arms and trophies, armo-
 rial bearings and heraldic devices.

5. Metal, trumpets of metal.

6. Reign, realm. [A Latinism.]

7. Chaos and old Night. Chaos
 and his daughter Nox were regard-
 ed as deities ruling in certain
 parts of the infernal regions.

8. Orient, bright; splendid.
 [Literally, eastern. From *orien*, I
 rise.]

Appeared, and serried¹ shields in thick array
 Of depth immeasurable: anon they move
 In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood²

405 Of flutes and soft recorders³—such as raised
 To hight⁴ of noblest tempor heroes old
 Arming to battle; and, instead of rage,
 Deliberate valour breathed, firm, and unmoved
 With droad of death to flight or foul retreat;

410 Nor wanting power to mitigate and 'snage
 With solemn touchos troubled thoughts, and chaso
 Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain
 From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
 Breathing united force, with fix'd thought,

415 Moved on in silence to soft pipes that charmed
 Their painful steps o'or the burnt soil: and now
 Advanced in view they stand—a horrid front
 Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
 Of warriors old, with ordered spear and shield,

420 Awaiting what command their mighty Chief
 Had to impose. He through the arm'd files
 Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverso⁵
 The whole battalion views—their order due,
 Their visages and stature as of gods;

425 Their number last he sums. And now his heart
 Distends with pride, and, hardening in his strength
 Glories: for never, since created Man⁶,
 Met such embodied force, as named with those
 Could morit more than that small infantry⁷

430 Warred on by cranes; though all the giant brood
 Of Phlegra⁸ with the heroic race were joined

1. Serried, crowded; compacted; close packed.

2. Dorian mood, Dorian style of music. The Dorian strain was majestic, the Phrygian lively, and the Lydian tender.

3. Recorder, a kind of flute.

4. Traverse, crosswise; athwart the ranks.

5. Since created Man, since the creation of man. [A Latinism.]

6. Small infantry, the Pygmies a fabled nation of dwarfs who are said by Homer to have been annually attacked by cranes.

7. Phlegra in Macedonia, the scene of a battle between the gods and the giants. [See line 198.]

That fought at Thebes² and Ilium³, on each side
 Mixed with auxiliar⁴ gods; and what resounds
 In fable or romance of Uther's son⁵,

435 Begirt with British and Armoric⁶ knights;
 And all who since, baptized or infidel,
 Jousted⁷ in Aspramont⁸, or Montalban⁹,
 Damasco¹⁰, or Marocco¹¹, or Trebisond,¹²
 Or whom Biseria¹³ sent from Afric shore,

440 When Charlemain¹⁴ with all his peerage fell
 By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond
 Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed¹⁵
 Their dread Commander. He, above the rest
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent,

445 Stood like a tower. His form had yet not lost
 All its original brightness, nor appeared
 Less than Archangel ruined, and the excess
 Of glory obscured: as when the sun, new risen,
 Looks through the horizontal misty air,

450 Shorn of his beams; or, from behind the moon,
 In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
 On half the nations, and with fear of change
 Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet shone

1. Thebes, a city in Boeotia. The allusion is to the Argive chiefs who supported the claims of Polynices against his brother Eteocles, king of Thebes.

2. Ilium, Troy. The gods are said by Homer to have taken part in the Trojan war.

3. Auxiliar, helping.

4. Uther's son, King Arthur of the Round Table.

5. Armoric. Armorica was the ancient name of Brittany in France.

6. Jousted, took part in tournaments.

7. Aspramont, a town in the Netherlands.

8. Montalban, a town in France.

9. Damasco, Damaseus in Syria.

10. Marocco, Morocco in Africa.

11. Trebisond, in Asiatic Turkey.

12. Biseria, a town on the north coast of Africa—an old name called Utica.

13. Charlemain, Charlemagne, King of France and Emperor of Germany attacked the Saracens. According to the Spanish account, he was routed and slain at Fontarabbia in the north of Spain, but other accounts say that he conquered the Saracens and died peacefully at Aix-la-Chapelle, 814.

14. Observed, repected.

520 Far round illuminated Hell ; highly they raged
 Against the Highest, and fierce with grasp'd arms
 Clashed on their sounding shields the din of war,
 Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven.
 There stood a hill not far, whose grisly¹ top
 525 Belched fire and rolling smoke ; the rest entiro
 Shone with a glossy scurf—undoubted sign
 That in his womb² was hid metallic ore,
 The work of sulphur. Thither, winged with speed,
 A numerous brigade hastened : as when bands
 530 Of pioneers, with spade and pickaxe armed,
 Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
 Or cast a rampart. Mammon³ led them on—
 Mammon, the least crooked spirit that fell
 From Heaven ; for e'er in Heaven his looks and
 thoughts
 535 Were always downward bent, admiring more
 The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
 Than aught, divino or holy, else enjoyed
 In vision beatific⁴ : by him first
 Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
 540 Ransacked the Centre, and with impious hands
 Rifled the bowels of their mother Earth
 For treasures, better hid. Soon had his crew
 Oponed into the hill a spacious wound,
 And digged out ribs of gold. Let none admire⁵
 545 That riches grow in Hell ; that soil may best
 Deserve the precious bane⁶. And here let those,
 Who boast in mortal things, and wondering toll
 Of Babel⁷, and the works of Memphian kings,
 Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,

1. Grisly, grey ; ashy. [Fr. *gris*, brown.]

2. Womb, belly.

3. Mammon, the God of Wealth.

4. Vision beatific, sight that makes happy ; the actual sight of

God and of Divine Sanctities

5. Admire, wonder. [Lat. *ad*, and *miror*, I wonder.]

6. Bane, destruction ; poison.

7. Babel, Babylon, the capital of Chaldea.

550 And strength, and art¹, are easily outdone
 By Spirits reprobate², and in an hour,
 What in an age they, with incessant toil
 And hands innumerable, scarce perform.
 Nigh on the plain, in many cells prepared,
 555 That underneath had veins of liquid fire
 Sluiced³ from the lake, a second multitude,
 With wondrous art, founded⁴ the massy ore,
 Severing each kind, and scummed⁵ the bullion⁶ dross :
 A third as soon had formed within the ground
 560 A various mould, and from the boiling cells,
 By strange conveyance, filled each hollow nook ;
 As in an organ, from one blast of wind,
 To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.
 Anon, out of the earth, a fabric huge
 565 Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
 Of dulcet⁷ symphonies and voices sweet—
 Built like a temple, where pilasters⁸ round
 Were set, and Doric⁹ pillars overlaid
 With golden architrave¹⁰; nor did there want
 570 Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven¹¹ :
 The roof was fretted¹² gold. Not Babylon,
 Nor great Alcairo¹³, such magnificence

1. Strength and art.—*And how their strength, &c.*

2. Reprobate, depraved; corrupt; wicked. [Lit. not enduring proof. Lat. *re*, and *prob*, I prove.]

3. Sluiced, drawn off by conduits.

4. Founded, melted. [Lat. *fundo*, I pour.]

5. Scummed, took the scum or impure matter from.

6. Bullion, boiling. [Lat. *bullio*, I boil.]

7. Dulcet, sweet. [Lat. *dulcis*, sweet.]

8. Pilasters, square pillars. “Round” is an adverb.

9. Doric, the name of a style of architecture.

10. Architrave, the horizontal stone immediately above the pillars. [The frieze surrounds the architrave, and the cornice projects above the frieze. The three together form what is called the entablature of a column.]

11. With bossy sculptures graven.—The frieze was adorned with embossed figures.

12. Fretted, enred in bars intersecting each other, so as to form small squares.

13. Great Alcairo, Grand Cairo.

Equalled in all their glories, to enshrine
Belus¹ or Serapis², their gods; or seat
575 Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile
Stood fixed her stately highth; and straight the doors,
Opening their brazen folds, discover, wide
Within, her³ ample spacos, o'er the smooth
580 And level pavement: from the arch'd roof,
Pendent⁴ by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressots⁵, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus⁶, yolded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitudo
585 Admiring entered; and the work some praiso,
And some the architect. His hand was known
In Heaven by many a towrod structure high,
Where sceptred Angels hold their residence,
And sat as Princes; whom the supremo King
590 Exalted to such powor and gave to rulo,
Each in his hierarchy⁷, the Orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unadored
In ancient Greece; and in the Ausonian land⁸
Men called him Mulciber⁹; and how he fell
595 From Heaven, they fublod, thrown by angry Jovo¹⁰
Sheor o'er the crystal battlement: from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Drop from the zenith, like a falling star,

1. Belus or Baal, a god of the Babylonians.

2. Serapis, an Egyptian deity.

3. Her.—Milton avoids using *his* in personification, because it was formerly the possessive of the neuter *it*, as well as of the masculine *he*. [See page 290, note 12.]

4. Pendent, hanging. [Lat. *pendeo*, I hang.]

5. Cressets, beacon-lights.

6. Asphaltus, asphalt, or

asphaltum, mineral pitch. [Gr. *asphallos*, bitumen.]

7. Hierarchy, principality.

8. Ausonian land, Italy, called *Ausonia* in poetry.

9. Mulciber, Vulcan, god of fire. [Lat. *mulceo*, I soften; molt.]

10. Angry Jove.—Jovo became angry with his son Vulcan, because the latter interceded for his mother Juno.

600 On Lemnos¹, the *Æ*gean isle : thus thou relato,
 Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
 Fell long before; nor aught availeth him now
 To have built in Heaven high towers ; nor did he
 'scapo
 By all his engines, but was headlong sent,
 605 With his industrious crew, to build in Hell.
 Meanwhile the wingèd Heralds, by command
 Of sovran power, with awful ceremony
 And trumpet's sound, throughout the host proclaim
 A solemn council, forthwith to be held
 610 At Paudemonium², the high capital
 Of Satan and his peers. Their summons called
 From every band and squared regiment
 By or place choice the worthiest : they anon,
 With hundreds and with thousands, trooping came,
 615 Attended. All access was thronged ; the gates
 And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
 (Though like a covered field, where champions bold
 Wont ride in armed, and at the Soldan's³ chair
 Defied the best of Panim⁴ chivalry
 620 To mortal combat, or career⁵ with lance),
 Thick swarmed, both on the ground and in the air,
 Brushed with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees
 In spring-time, when the Sun with Taurus⁶ rides,
 Pour forth their populous youth⁷ about the hive
 625 In clusters ; they among fresh dews and flowers
 Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
 The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
 New rubbed with balm, expatiate,⁸ and confer⁹

1. Lemnos, an island in the *Æ*gean sea, now the Archipelago.

2. Pandemonium, the place of meeting for all the devils. [Gr. *pas*, *pan*, all, and *daimon*, a demon.]

3. Soldan, sultan.

4. Panim, pagan, referring to the Saracens.

5. Career, charge; tilting.

6. Taurus, the Bull, one of the twelve signs of the Zodine. The sun enters Taurus in April.

7. Populous youth, young populace.

8. Expatriate, walk abroad. [Lat. *expatrio*, I roam.]

9. Confer, confer on; discuss.

Their state affairs : so thick the acry crowd
 630 Swarmed and were straitened ; till, the signal giv
 Behold a wonder ! They but now who seemed
 In bigness to surpass Earth's giant sons,
 Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
 Throng numberless like that pygmean race
 635 Beyond the Indian mount ; or faery elves,
 Whose midnight revols, by a forest-side
 Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
 Or dreams he sees, while overhead the Moon
 Sits arbitress¹ and nearer to the Earth
 640 Wheels her pale course : they, on their mirth
 dance
 Intent, with jocund music charm his ear ;
 At onco with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
 Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms
 Reduced their shapos immenso, and were at large
 645 Though without number still, amidst the hall
 Of that infernal court. But far within,
 And in their own dimonions, like thomsvolves,
 The great Seraphic Lords and Chorubim
 In close recess and secreto conclave² sat ;
 650 A thousand Demi-gods on golden seats,
 Frequent³ and full. After short silonco then,
 And summons read, the great consult⁴ began.

John Milton (1608-1674)

1. Arbitress, witness ; specta-
 tress.

literally, a *locked room.*]

2. Conclave, a private meeting ;
 a close assembly. [Lat. *con*, and,
clavis, a key. Hence a *conclave* is,

3. Frequent, numerous. [
frequens, crowded.]

4. Consult, deliberation.

END OF PART II.